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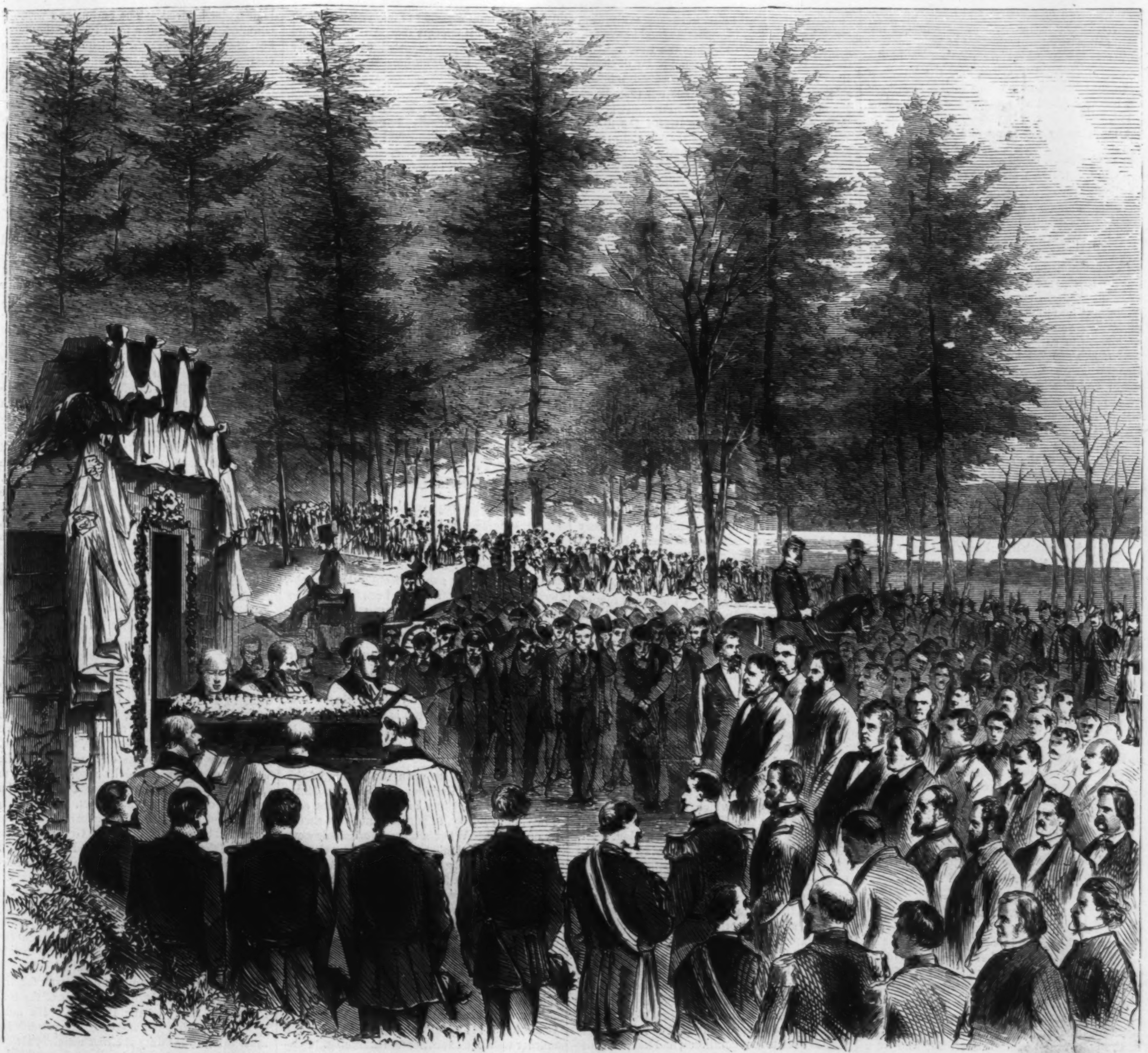
THE FUNERAL OF GEN. THOMAS.

On the 8th inst. the remains of Major-General George H. Thomas, the hero of Mill Spring and Nashville, were buried with appropriate civil and military honors in Oakwood Cemetery, at Troy. The occasion drew together a vast concourse of people desirous of paying the last tribute of respect to one whose services to the Union will ever cause his memory to be held in the highest veneration by his countrymen. The funeral services were held in St. Paul's Church, which was appropriately draped for the occasion. The remains of the lamented soldier, in a metallic burial casket, were deposited on a dais in front of the chancel. A ribbon of immortelles and wreaths of ivy were twined around the edge of the casket in California, and were deposited with it in the grave. As it lay in the chancel an elegant crown of evergreens and roses, surmounted by a cross of immortelles, was placed at the head, and a wreath of japonicas and lilies at the foot of the casket. A plain silver plate bore the simple inscription: "Gen. George Henry Thomas, U. S. Army. Born July 31, 1816. Died March 28, 1870." President Grant, General Sherman, General Hooker, and many other distinguished men were present to do honor to his memory.

The sketch underneath represents the scene in the cemetery at the moment of depositing the remains in the vault belonging to the family of the deceased soldier's wife. The burial service was read by Bishop Doane, after which the customary burial salute was fired by the United States Infantry, and the procession left the cemetery, each portion of it wheeling out of line on the return, as it reached its appropriate place. In the evening a funeral oration was delivered, in Dr. Baldwin's church, by General Stewart L. Woodford, on the life, character, and services of the late General, there having been, at the special request of Mrs. Thomas, no panegyric or eulogy pronounced over the remains. After a rapid sketch of his military career the orator gave some interesting personal reminiscences of the General, which served to illustrate his character and show the estimate in which he was held by his soldiers. Silent, sedate, never familiar, though always kind, he had none of the petty arts and practiced none of the stage devices that sometimes attract a short-lived popularity. His men had always known him to be thoughtful of their wants and considerate of their comforts. He had never exacted from them useless work. He had never tolerated the slightest evasion of duty, from his brigadiers down to his orderlies. Always, when possible opportunity was afforded, he had visited the regimental hospitals and looked himself after the condition of the sick. Many a hospital steward and company cook in the old Cumberland Army remember the unexpected and personal inspection which the sick-quarters and the company kitchen received from the Major-General himself. And not soon will they forget how once his face hardened into a white heat of passion when he found that a drunken commissary had neglected to provide sufficient food, and how, taking out his penknife, he ripped off the fellow's shoulder-straps, and simply said, "Go home, Sir, by the next train. You may do to feed cattle; you shall not feed my soldiers." His soldiers called him "Old Pap Thomas." The name was not over-respectful, perhaps; but it fitly expressed the love and fealty of the brave men who followed him from victory to victory. Our hardy volunteers, while as obedient to discipline as they were steady in fight, when off duty and around the camp-fires, retained their democratic habits and their sturdy personal independence of thought and language. They picked off the shoulder-straps and dissected the uniforms, and looked down below the commission and into the man, and measured his real worth and work with unerring instinct. The judgments they formed of their leaders, expressed in quaint and familiar epithets, have undoubtedly anticipated the graver verdict of the historian.



THE FUNERAL OF GENERAL THOMAS—DEPOSITING THE REMAINS IN OAKWOOD CEMETERY, TROY.—[From a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, April 23, 1870.

DICKENS SUPPLEMENT
TO
HARPER'S WEEKLY.

HARPER & BROTHERS intend to issue with the present Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY, a Supplement containing the FIRST MONTHLY PART COMPLETE of

CHARLES DICKENS'S
NEW STORY,
THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD.
WITH
PORTRAIT AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

This Supplement is furnished Gratuitously to the Purchasers of Harper's Weekly.

THE LESSON OF A LIFE.

If it is pleasant to contemplate the simple, sturdy, upright character of the late General Thomas—his silent devotion to duty, his sagacity, his modesty, his tenacity—it is not less agreeable to observe the profound and sincere appreciation of that character upon the part of the country. We are a good deal given to rhetoric and extravagant expression, and public men who choose the "sensational" style do not want great applause and troops of admirers. But here was one of the least rhetorical of Americans, and no man could be more truly admired nor more universally deplored. Every body felt that the country was stronger because of General Thomas. The quality that held him "pounding away" at Chickamauga when the rest of the army was in retreat, and the day was supposed to be lost, was precisely the quality which commands the sincerest public confidence. Indomitable bravery and good sense, a scorn of pretense and bluster, a character steadfast as a rock—these steadied the whole country when it thought of him.

There is this lesson for public men in the career of General Thomas, and the immense respect and tenderness with which his countrymen have laid him in the grave—that public admiration is as surely won by solid and modest merit as by posturing and shouting. He did nothing for effect. He had no newspaper at hand to catch every attitude and record every word. He had evidently an antique, soldierly disdain of intriguing for notoriety either in his profession or out of it; and he could hardly have despised any thing more heartily than the conduct of some excellent gentlemen during the war, who did not move without a staff of newspaper correspondents, and who kept a newspaper reporter always at hand to transmit the heroic and witty remarks at head-quarters to an admiring public. Without these appliances and contrivances, without thinking of himself or caring for his reputation, but intent only upon his highest and truest honor, General Thomas was always at the front of duty; and whether supported or alone, whether the lines advanced or retreated, he stood fast and "pounded away" at the enemy. He was a soldier, indeed; but if some civilians would meditate his career and do likewise, they might be sure of the same respect and regard, if they did their work as he did his.

And the national feeling for General Thomas has this further and kindred lesson for conspicuous men, that it shows how catholic the public regard is. It does not require that one man shall duplicate another, but only that he be honestly himself. Plutarch says that the young Themistocles exclaimed that the trophies of Miltiades would not suffer him to sleep. But if he had, therefore, aimed to become Miltiades instead of Themistocles, Plutarch would never have told his story. The public heart is large enough for every kind of excellence. It admires Webster, Clay, Calhoun; but the young statesman need not therefore try to model himself upon those men. They did not model themselves upon each other. If the young statesman devotes his powers to the questions of his time with fidelity and industry and the highest purpose, he does all that any statesman can do; and in the degree that those powers are great and well used, not in the degree that they reproduce somebody else, may he be sure of public recognition. General Thomas's career, and the regard of the country for him, are the fullest vindication of the old proverb, often obscure, often unfairly interpreted, but profoundly true, Honesty is the best policy.

THE DAY AFTER THE BATTLE.

The results of the late political crisis in this State must have been rather inexplicable to the country at large. A body of politicians who were believed to have corrupted the government of the city, and to have grown rich by plundering the people, to whom the frauds in naturalization and the repeating and cheating at the polls were popularly ascribed, who were supposed to scruple at no measure necessary to carry their purpose, and whose name of the "Ring" implied all that is really worst in political management, proposed to the Legislature a charter for the city, for which all its furious opponents within its own party—with one or two exceptions—and all the Republican members, voted. The alleged coalition of Adams and Clay was nothing to this. Every body declared that there was some mysterious "bargain," some profound party finesse, some complicated system of hidden wires, that could alone explain such a result.

The Republicans in the Legislature insist that it was a fair move in the game of politics to vote for a Ring charter for the city, and they justify it in this way. The Democratic party, they say, has control of the Legislature, and is responsible for legislation. But they were divided into two factions, and it was lawful for us to make the most of the quarrel. Both sides were indifferent to us, and we therefore supported that side whose success would help us most. If we voted with the Ring-breakers we merely made a new ring, and turned out all our friends, and helped the Democratic party to a victory in the autumn. If we voted with the Ring, we secured an admirable election law, we abolished the Board of Supervisors, we obtained quiet Sundays, and we virtually maintained the Police Commission, which is one of the greatest benefits that the party has ever conferred upon the State. Beside this, we perpetuated and exasperated the division in the enemy's ranks, because the hostility of the "honest" Democracy will be pacified by nothing but the defeat of the Ring. The Republican members, as partisans, therefore consider that they have turned the crisis to the utmost advantage for their own friends and principles.

The argument is ingenious, but it is a sophistry. It is true that a legislator must do the best he can, but the best he can is always to oppose what he actively disapproves. The Republicans voted against the Huckleberry charter, and it was defeated. Had they voted against the Ring charter it could not have been carried. It was, indeed, possible that the two factions would then unite, but it was not probable. The "honest" Democrats would have felt themselves to be as strong as the Ring. That there has been a bargain can not be doubted. But in political bargains there is usually a losing side, and it is the side that has not the power. Moreover, to bargain with the enemy is necessarily to demoralize the spirit of the army. What Republican can hereafter complain if the principles and candidates of the party are sold by bargains in the city and State? It will be alleged, and truly, that the policy of bargaining has the approval of the representatives of the party.

"I must do the best I can," is a phrase which will cover any weakness or treachery. It was never used with sadder or more memorable effect than by Mr. Seward in the Senate when he made his long-expected speech during the secession winter. "I learned early from Jefferson," said Mr. Seward, "that in political affairs we can not always do what seems to us absolutely best." It is true—nothing can be truer. But words are truly interpreted by the circumstances under which they are spoken; and from the moment he said those words Mr. Seward began to lose the sympathy of his own party. It was not, we repeat, because the words were not true, but because they were thought to be uttered at that moment to excuse a weak, halting, unheroic, and therefore fatal policy.

In the present case the Republicans should have kept aloof from both the factions. If what they had always said of the Ring was true, they should not have voted to confirm and extend its power. Neither could they support their opponents, believing that they were of no higher principle, and knowing that the declared object of their movement was the overthrow of the Republican party. "It is splendid," said the Frenchman, as he watched the charge of the Light Brigade, "but it is not war." It was smart, we may say, of the Republican action, but it was not statesmanship.

A NEW SLAVE-TRADE.

Nothing has been lately heard of the enterprising Mr. Koopmanschoop—if that was his excellent name—who was last year going about the country proposing to open a kind of Chinese slave-trade, against which, of course, we shall presently have that hopeful proselyte, Mr. Fernando Wood, vigorously protesting. Mr. Koopmanschoop—always supposing that to be his name—was an importer of coolies or Chinese laborers, and he was willing to contract to supply plantations, or even whole States, as might be desired. There was some discussion of the general subject in the newspapers, and Mr. Koopmanschoop made speeches and was "interviewed," and his opinions were duly published. But we have not heard of any large contracts made with him, nor has the cooly importation to this country yet begun. The Chinese immigrants who arrive in California are not supposed to have suffered upon the voyage. But as the current continues, and as the Koopmanschoop project may be at any moment entertained, it is worth while to remark that the cooly trade is but a form of the slave-trade.

The English colonial experience upon this subject should be a warning to us; and we will mention a few facts which it will be worth while to remember whenever the Chinese immigration is mentioned. The cooly trade has been carried on for more than twenty years in the English and other Gulf colonies, and the facts which have been disclosed in regard to it are most melancholy. Rules of many kinds have been laid down by the British Government for the regulation of the traffic. Agents have been appointed to prevent abuses. Attention has occasionally been drawn to the facts to arouse public interest and indignation. But the great atrocities of the system have not been relieved. Kidnapping and fraud precede embarkation, as in the old Guinea slave-trade, and the horrors of the middle passage, which Clarkson so terribly portrayed, seem to be renewed in the suffering of the coolies. This very last winter the ship *Strand* left Calcutta with 468 coolies, for Demerara, and arrived with only 364 still living.

The Rev. Henry Clarke, who has lived in Jamaica for twenty years, presented a paper two years ago to the Anti-Slavery Conference held in Paris, in which he said: "I know the cooly immigration to be the most atrocious and cruel form of the slave-trade and slavery that has ever existed, since it is worse to capture people by fraud than by force, and a slave for life is in a far better position than a slave for a short period, because in the one case it is the owner's interest to care for him when sick, in the other to let him die off as soon as possible. The negroes themselves say that the slaves were never treated as badly as the coolies."

In Cuba, where negro slavery has existed in its worst forms, the coolies have long been bought and sold like cattle in the open market, and the investigations of those who are peculiarly interested in the subject show that they have been treated accordingly. A Parliamentary Blue-book, published a year or two ago, states that 96,581 Chinese had been imported into Cuba within a period of one year and eight months. And it appears that in Peru, of more than 100,000 coolies imported within twenty years, less than 10,000 are now living, and that not more than 100 have returned to their native land.

Of course it is not practicable to obtain exact numbers in such cases; but the general situation and tendency may easily be ascertained. In the nature of the case, even with a Koopmanschoop as chief importer, the utmost knavery and immense suffering are unavoidable in the transfer across the sea under contract of vast numbers of the poorest inhabitants of an overpeopled country, to do the hardest work of another country. And we may well be warned, if we needed any warning, by the circumstances of the cooly traffic in the Gulf that the millennium has not arrived, and that care and thought will not be lost if devoted to the possibility or probability of a cooly trade to the United States. Immigration upon fair and just principles is one of the great sources of the prosperity of this country. But a cooly trade, an importation upon the great scale of laborers by contract into a country in half of which slavery has recently been the universal system of labor, should be plainly seen to be a very grave peril.

THE TRUE PRINCIPLE OF PUNISHMENT.

While the law requires that murderers shall be hung, there was no reason that Reynolds should escape his doom. His crime was a wanton, cruel homicide, without the pretense of any kind of extenuation. And yet there is undoubtedly a very general feeling that the object of punishment has not been obtained in his case. Reynolds was a man utterly friendless and forlorn. He committed a great crime, and the extreme penalty of the law swiftly followed. Has that fact helped to persuade other men who may be meditating crimes that they will suffer likewise? If not, his execution was a mistake. It has merely shown that where there is no influence, there is no evasion of the law; and the quickness to perceive this fact is blunted by an act which apparently satisfies the law.

In the long debate upon the reform of the criminal law in England, Sir Samuel Romilly and his associates made it clear that certainty, not severity, of punishment is the security of society. When a score of criminals were "left for execution" by the judge at the assizes—when a desperate girl was hung for stealing a sixpenny loaf to feed her starving children, after the law had impressed her husband into the navy—when the law made no distinction in the penalty between the most atrocious crimes and the most excusable offenses, the ratio of crimes was steadily increasing. "Strike harder!" cried the dull, indolent public opinion of the time. "Strike wisely," replied Romilly and his friends.

There are many murders in New York every year; but it is long since a man was hung for murder until the execution of Reynolds. Public morality and order would gain infinitely more if every murderer were punished, even if he were not hung, than if he be tried and sentenced and finally escapes. It was found, upon investigation, in England that juries would not convict upon the plainest testimony when they thought the penalty disproportioned to the offense. Consequently not only did laws fall into disrespect, but evidence was deliberately disregarded. And when it is plain, from whatever reason, that the penalty is not enforced even when the crime is proved, the result is the same. There is felt to be an uncertainty in the operations of law which is demoralizing.

These are general truths to which the execution of this hapless man ought to call public attention. There are convicts now lying under sentence, but for some reason execution is delayed. We do not ask for execution, for there may be good reasons for delay; but we do ask for consideration of the facts. If there be reluctance because the punishment is felt even by the Judges and the Executive to be extreme, it is a most significant fact. If there be delay because of "influence," it is still to be considered whether under the same circumstances "influence" could postpone punishment if it were less severe and irrevocable. The public demand for the punishment of Real, for instance, is doubtful and hesitating, because the penalty is the extreme one. If it were something different a pressure might be brought to bear which is now impracticable. Such considerations and such facts necessarily suggest the question whether the general feeling in regard to the death-penalty is not such as seriously to imperil public security by making the legal punishment for murder the most uncertain of all.

THE POTOMAC GENERALS.

The meeting of the Society of the Army of the Potomac in the Philadelphia Academy of Music was one of the finest and most memorable events of the year. Grant was there, and Sherman, and Sheridan, and Meade, and Burnside, and a score or scores of others well known and beloved. The enthusiasm was unbounded, and was but a faint type of the deep, hearty gratitude of the American people to the Generals who led their armies to victory, and who did all that brave and sagacious men can do. Of course there was an oration and a poem; and of course a banquet, with speeches. How pleasant it would be, said General Sherman, if we could only enjoy ourselves and not make speeches! But there is no unalloyed pleasure, as the General has probably learned. The American, like the Englishman, can celebrate his great events only by eating and talking, and he has the sublimest pity for the nations that do otherwise.

The address in the Academy was delivered by General Martindale, and it has been severely criticised. The *Tribune* correspondent said that it was much too long; and certain resolutions, aimed at the orator and the oration, were laid upon the table by the Society. Indeed it is very hard for an orator to satisfy both his own requirements and those of his hearers upon such an occasion. Its significance seems to him so great that he must not treat it cursorily. It demands careful and even elaborate preparation. Mr. Lincoln's immortal speech at Gettysburg is always compared with the oration by Mr. Everett, and to the great disadvantage of the latter. But if Mr. Everett had spoken for ten minutes and then sat down, the dissatisfaction would have been overwhelming. He would have been accused of insulting the country and of desecrating the occasion. If, indeed, he had spoken as Mr. Lincoln spoke, he might wisely have risked the consequences of speaking briefly. But if orators, upon great occasions, are to be limited to ten minutes, let it be also understood that they are to speak as Mr. Lincoln spoke.

The resolutions, however, were aimed at the orator not because of the time that he occupied, but of the sentiments that he expressed. They pointedly thanked Mr. Boker, the poet, and they pointedly omitted thanking General Martindale, the orator, but requested future orators to avoid politics. Let them talk of the war, said the resolutions, in effect. Let them describe the pomp and terror of battle. Let them allude cautiously, perhaps, to the Union. But if any orator speaks of the causes of the war, its significance and its results, except to say that it preserved our glorious Union, let him be ——, or words to that effect. All this is well meant enough, but it is absurd. Suppose there had been a meeting of the Generals of the Army of the Revolution addressed by an orator under injunctions to depict the battle of Bunker Hill and the surrender at Yorktown in the most glowing rhetoric he could command, but not to allude to the political doctrine that taxation without representation is tyranny, and not to speak of the independence which the war had achieved. How the country would have rocked and rung with laughter!

The causes and results of the war for the Union are the very legitimate theme of the orator of the Army of the Potomac. He must treat them with common-sense, of course. He must bring to his duty the tact which is always and every where imperative upon those who address others. He must not needlessly offend, nor generally vituperate. But what is his great inspiration but the universal liberty and political equality which the war accomplished, and which have gloriously obliterated the appalling blot that has stained our history from the beginning? Suppose that the war had issued, as possibly the supporters of the resolutions wished, in maintaining the Union with slavery untouched, what kind of orations might we have expected then? Mr. Voorhees, or Mr. Vallandigham, or Mr. Fernando Wood, might have been the orators. But what generous American heart, even among the officers who would not thank General Martindale, would have burned and thrilled with enthusiasm over a victory that secured slavery more firmly than ever?

It is the misfortune of certain officers that they served in a war which they did not approve. It would not, probably, be difficult to mention several conspicuous military gentlemen who would have marched with great gusto against a rebellion of Yankee abolitionists, but who moved with secret reluctance against a rebellion of slaveholding Southern gentlemen. They know, as well as the rest of us, that half-hearted service is not efficient service. They know also, probably, that politics, of which they complain, were never so influential in the Army of the Potomac, and were never so menacing to the country, as when General M'Clellan was in command. There was a time when it was doubtful whether his head would not be turned by politicians, and his letter from Harrison's Landing was, in every point of view, unpardonable. Surely these gentlemen ought to see that they are not in harmony with the country nor with history. They see that the American Union is now the great security of American liberty. They may regret it. But something must be pardoned to a soldier who has contributed to that result, if he congratulates his fellow-soldiers even with enthusiasm and at some length.

MR. GLADSTONE AND IRELAND.

The details of Mr. Gladstone's Irish Force bill painfully recall the old English system for Ireland, which was the worst in the world, and the measure seems to postpone indefinitely the fulfillment of the hope that Ireland might at least see the beginning of pacification under a liberal ministry in England—a ministry of which John Bright is part. The difficulty is indeed immense. It is very easy to insist upon a conciliatory policy; and for people who read newspapers and are active and intelligent, such a policy is most advisable even under adverse circumstances. But what are you to do in dealing with savages? and there seems to be a large savage element in the Irish population. What are you to do with those who too truly and universally hit a head wherever they see it? In Ireland it is of the utmost necessity that the land be well tilled, and a good population scattered upon it. Individual security is therefore indispensable. It is the first condition. And how can you get peace to begin with among such a distempered people but by the strong hand?

This is the reasoning of the English papers. But the difficulty is that this has always been their reasoning, and upon this reasoning the Irish policy has been founded, and the Irish policy has made the Ireland that we know. The progress of civilization, indeed, works real changes. We do not anticipate under the Force bill of Mr. Gladstone the Irish reign of terror of '94 and '96. But look at the facts. The cool British historian of that time truly says that the suspension of the *habeas corpus* "outlawed the whole people of Ireland"—and Mr. Gladstone does not shrink from a similar measure. Under the authority to search for concealed arms the most wanton and incredible atrocities were committed—and Mr. Gladstone grants that authority. The press was of course silenced, and the people as a whole were struck dumb. They could not protest against their oppression. They could not appeal to the conscience and judgment of mankind. They were at once tortured and gagged—and Mr. Gladstone lays his hand upon the press.

Louis Blanc, who is one of the truest friends of liberal England, and one of the shrewdest observers and critics of current affairs, says that the Force bill places Ireland in a state of siege. But it also puts Mr. Gladstone's Government in the same position. The liberal sentiment of the world besieges him. It asks him, "Why is it that with all experience teaching one lesson—why, with Ireland itself the most melancholy monument of the result, do you renew, even in a modified form, the terrible code of '94?" Such a system is a confession of incapacity. What more or worse could the most malignant Tory Government have devised? Indeed what recent Tory Government has for a moment thought of adopting such measures?

It is surprising that there has been no vigorous exposure and denunciation of this bill in Parliament. The occasion was worthy of Disraeli's most fiery invective, and it is hardly possible that even one strong speech recalling and vividly portraying the infamies of the code that made the Irish reign of terror would not have aroused a public feeling that would have affected Parliament. But England seems to be insane whenever Ireland is to be treated, as this country used to be whenever it treated slavery. Nevertheless slavery was our touchstone, as Ireland is England's; and Mr. Gladstone's Government is undergoing its crucial experiment.

PROVING TOO MUCH.

We observe that in the opening argument in defense of M'Farland, his counsel, Mr. Spencer, said that the plea of insanity would be urged. Presently he said substantially that if he had been situated as M'Farland was he should have done the same thing. We do not understand him to have meant that if he had been in the same situation he would have been crazed, but that the offense deserved the retribution it received. This sentiment was applauded by the audience; and it is the applause which makes it significant. That an advocate should say to a jury, in defense of a man charged with murder, that he would be a murderer too under similar circumstances, is not important. It is a kind of legal buncomb. But that the audience should applaud, shows that it is a general feeling.

If it be so, it will be henceforth unnecessary to urge insanity in defense of this kind of homicide. It will be incumbent upon the counsel of the accused only to show the circumstances, and the verdict will necessarily follow. As we write the trial is proceeding, and the argument of the counsel for the Government is yet to be made. But it was hardly well considered in the defense to suggest insanity as an excuse for what, in the judgment of the counsel, needs no apology. A crazy man may do any thing. He has drifted beyond reason and coherence. Consequently he may embrace the person whose conduct is alleged to have deranged his intellects as well as strike him. The striking is no evidence of insanity; and why attempt to show that it is the result of insanity, when, upon the theory, the saner a man is, and the sounder his just wrath, the more surely he will deal the blow?

In this particular case there has been immense injustice shown by part of the press toward persons who have been associated with some events in the sad history. One paper, for instance, expressed a hope that the person who really knew most of the facts—that is, the late wife of M'Farland—would state what she knew; and the paper was immediately branded by another as an "apologist for adultery." The trial had scarcely begun; nothing whatever had been proved; but nothing would serve but that the most unhappy of women should be stigmatized with the most shameful of epithets. So Mr. Beecher and Mr. Frothingham were assailed as if they had been scoundrels seeking to destroy the sanctity of the family relation. Every word, every act, was tortured into the worst significance. Even the Recorder, in charging the Grand Jury, angled, in our judgment, for a little cheap applause by his covert allusions to Mr. Beecher at a moment when public opinion seemed to condemn him.

We express no opinion, while the trial is yet pending, upon the fact of the homicide. The real question involved is very much greater than any that will be submitted to the jury. Meanwhile the verdict is undoubtedly anticipated. But let us be just. If it shall be decided not that the defendant was insane, which settles nothing except his condition, but if it shall be decided that a man may properly shoot another man under the circumstances alleged in this case, let us concede that a woman may justly shoot another woman under similar circumstances.

NOTES.

On Wednesday, Senator Genet, in his place in the Senate of New York, declared that he was "in favor of allowing the sale of lager-beer or any kind of liquor in New York during any part of the day or night." On Friday, Reynolds was hung for murder, and said, "I wish all the liquor was out of the world." Mr. Genet voted alone, and the rest of the Senate, twenty-seven Senators of all parties, voted against him. Public opinion is clearly resolved that the sale of liquor should not be free; for it knows that restrictive laws are for the benefit of just such men as Reynolds. Meanwhile a paper says that Mr. Genet's action shows that, like Henry Clay, he would rather be right than be President.

An orator was the other day denouncing what he called a bargain between Mr. Greeley and Mr. John Morrissey, and declared that its first-fruits were "an attempt to tax Catholics for the support of the public schools, and to repeal the law authorizing them to draw a fair proportion of the money they paid into the public treasury for the support of their own schools." We understand that a clergyman suggested from his pulpit that if the Roman Catholic schools depended for support upon the taxes paid by Roman Catholic tax-payers, there would not be a great many of them.

At the late Commencement of the Women's Medical College, under charge of the Misses Blackwell, in which Dr. Willard Parker is a professor, and of which he is one of the warmest friends, Dr. M'Cready, one of the examining board, said that the examination had been most thorough and searching. He added: "I speak the sentiments of the whole board when I say that all of these ladies are beyond the average, decidedly beyond the average, of male students."

There are many more than two millions of totally illiterate adults in the Southern States. In the whole country there are probably five millions of children who are in the condition of the "300,000 Dangers to the State of New York," of which we recently spoke. The pressing necessity of the country, therefore, is the diffusion of education, in which it is a painful truth that we lag behind many foreign countries. The establishment of the Hampton Normal and Industrial School in Virginia was, therefore, a movement worthy of attention and sympathy. It is situated upon the site of the Hospital Barracks of M'Clellan's and Grant's armies, and the spot where the first school for freedmen stood, and was originated by General Armstrong, who had charge of the Freedmen's Bureau at that point. The object of the school is to fit youth from the Southern States, without regard to color, for school teachers in those States. The school was opened in 1868; and President Hopkins of Williams College, General Sarfield of Ohio, Mr. Alexander Hyde of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, and Mr. B. G. Northrup of the Connecticut Board of Education, visited it last summer, and spoke of it in the highest terms.

The *World* says: "A first-class disturbance on occasion of the negro glorification in this city, on Friday last, would have been a godsend at Washington; but, as it happened, this much-maligned Democratic strong-hold looked on poor Cuff's performance with no feeling more bitter than mere amusement, and so in peace and good order the black man strutted his little day." When slave-drivers were trying to destroy the Government to perpetuate slavery, and it was known that many of the militia regiments were away from the city, "this much-maligned Democratic strong-hold" hunted and shot and hung and roasted "poor cuff," and burned the orphan asylum in which the children of his race were gathered. Now that the law and the strong hand of the American people protect him, "this much-maligned Democratic strong-hold" merely insults him. "Those grapes are contemptibly sour," said the much-maligned fox, with his tail between his legs.

Mr. Charles L. Brace tells us an interesting story of one of the children who have been saved from the gulf of crime in the city. It is of a girl in the Lord Industrial School, who had long been its pest. Both of her parents were drunkards, and were half the time on the Island under arrest. She herself was twice found drunk in the school before she was thirteen years old; once she attacked the teacher violently. She swept crossings for a living, and "lived about," often sleeping in halls and stairways. For a year she occupied the same bed and living room with eight large boys and girls from the school, and some thirteen grown people. The lower part of the house was a dance saloon and place of bad character. Annie seemed to be hopeless. She swore, and used the vilest language, and was evidently growing up to be a most abandoned woman. The teacher of the school, Miss Blodgett, was a person of singular sweetness and elevation of character, and she soon acquired a great influence over the wild girl. Once little Annie was found waiting with her broom in a bitter storm of sleet and hail, on a corner, and the teacher asked her why she was there, and why she did not go home! She said she only wanted just to see the teacher, and the fact was she hadn't any home, "for you know, Miss Blodgett, there is no one cares for me in all New York but you!"

At length the father died on Blackwell's Island, and the mother was in prison; and Miss Blodgett persuaded Annie to go away to a place she had found for her in an excellent family in the West. When the mother came out she was furious, and often made Miss Blodgett tremble lest she should insist on having the child back. But the mother gradually ceased to be troublesome, and is now permanently in the almshouse. Meanwhile the girl has been living in Illinois. She goes constantly to school, and "is our main dependence," writes the person in whose family she was placed; "her truthfulness and honesty are something quite remarkable." And such is the excellence of her conduct that the neighbors are ready to give homes to scores like her. "One such case," says Mr. Brace, although there are hundreds not so striking, "repays all the sacrifices made by the friends of the school."

In noticing the Hon. Mrs. William Grey's "Journal of a Visit to Egypt" with the Princess of Wales, recently published, a newspaper asks: "Why does not some one republish Miss Martineau's 'Eastern Life?'" It was republished by Lea & Blanchard, in Philadelphia, in 1848.

Whatever may be the ultimate fate of the Winnepeg insurrection, the movement had at least one good result. It has called the attention of the emigrant and the land speculator to the advantages of the great Northwest territory of the Red River country; and, as usual, railway enterprises follow closely in their wake. We hear of another grand highway across the Continent—a railroad from Lake Superior to Pugets Sound, and the papers are filled with projects for the improvement of this region. It is pretty well settled that the isothermal line of Southern Europe and New York city, Harrisburg, and Cleveland, sweeps around the southern end of Lake Michigan, up its western shore, past Green Bay and Lake Superior, five hundred miles from the boundary line of Dakota, far up into the Saskatchewan country. The lands within these lines are said to be good cereal-bearing lands. Many schemes are in progress for opening up this territory to emigration; but nothing shows more convincingly that it bids fair to become a land of promise to the farmer, and the miner, and the lumberman, than the drift of capital in that direction, especially in railway securities. We hear of some three or four railroads in Minnesota alone being pushed through by a well-known banker of Philadelphia, besides the Northern railroad enterprise; and one of our sagacious New York bankers has undertaken to negotiate the bonds of the Burlington Cedar Rapids and Minnesota Railway, which is to bring St. Paul and the whole system of Minnesota and other Northwestern railways some twenty-eight miles nearer Chicago and ninety miles nearer St. Louis than any other. This road, besides commanding the trade of the whole Cedar Valley—the best wheat land in the world—must become a grand trunk road for the whole Northwest. Coal abounds in Saskatchewan; in some cases, in the banks of the Red Deer River, the veins are seventy-two feet thick. Lumber is almost limitless, consisting of forest trees of mammoth proportions. The copper and iron of Lake Superior are famous the world over. In view of these and other sources of profit to such a trunk railway, we do not wonder that confidence is given to the enterprises of the Northwest; and the probabilities are that capital, for some time at least, will flow into these railway securities.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

April 4.—In the Senate, among the bills introduced was one incorporating the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, and granting the Rio Grande to San Diego, California; and another providing for an American line of mail and emigrant passenger steamships between this city and certain Scandinavian ports.—In the House, Mr. Julian offered an amendment to the Constitution, to give women the right of suffrage. A bill was passed, by a vote of 114 to 40, fixing the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November as the day for electing representatives and delegates to Congress in all States and Territories.

April 5.—In the Senate, most of the day was occupied in Executive Session.—In the House, Mr. Butler asked leave to offer a joint resolution to annex the Republic of San Domingo; but it was objected to.

April 6.—In the Senate the session was mainly devoted to the Appropriation bill, which was finally passed. The appropriation for the Post-office in this city is increased from $400,000 to $800,000, and for the one in Boston from $200,000 to $350,000.—In the House, Mr. Wood made a series of charges against General O. O. Howard in relation to his management of the Freedmen's Bureau. After a long debate, a resolution of investigation was adopted, the subject being referred to the Committee on Education and Labor.

April 7.—In the Senate, the bill declaratory of the law in regard to the Income Tax was taken up, amended, and passed. It continues for the present year, the tax on salaries, dividends, and interest, payable by corporations.—In the House, the session was mainly occupied with the Tariff bill. A special appropriation bill of $106,375 to supply deficiencies in the Diplomatic Service was passed.

April 8.—In the Senate, the question of committing to a Joint Committee the treaty-making power with the Indians was discussed, but no vote was taken on the subject. The House Diplomatic Deficiency bill was passed.—In the House, a bill was introduced providing that future Congresses shall consist of 275 members, and of such additional members as newly admitted States may be entitled to under an apportionment on that basis. Mr. Henry W. Barry, member elect from the Third Mississippi District, was admitted to his seat and sworn in.

April 9.—In the Senate, the session was chiefly occupied with a discussion on the policy of subsidizing steamship lines for carrying the mails; but no action was taken on the subject. A bill was introduced to repeal all existing laws in reference to transporting and exporting goods in bond to or from Mexico.—In the House, Mr. Butler made another ineffectual effort to introduce his bill for the annexation of San Domingo. The Deficiency bill, as amended by the Senate, was taken up. A portion of the appropriations were concurred in; but the most important, including those for the post-offices in this city and Boston, failed to meet the approval of the House, and a Committee of Conference was appointed.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

The new charter for this city was passed by the Senate of the State Legislature on the 5th inst., and was immediately signed by Governor Hoffman. In accordance with its provisions, Mayor Hall has appointed the heads of the several departments, giving the Democrats a majority on every Board except the Police Board, which consists of two Democrats and two Republicans. The Superintendent of Police is to be a Democrat.

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue has instructed assessors not to furnish the income lists for publication.

A number of election clerks in California refuse to register colored men as voters until the opinion of the Attorney-General of the State is received in regard to the constitutionality of the Fifteenth Amendment!

A very spirited demonstration in honor of the Fifteenth Amendment was made by the colored population of this city on the 8th inst. The procession was large and orderly, and presented a fine appearance.

The Connecticut election resulted in a majority of about seven hundred votes for Mr. English, the Democratic candidate for Governor.

FOREIGN NEWS.

There is a great amount of uneasiness in France. On the 7th inst. it was reported that the Emperor had had a long fainting fit, from which he recovered after several hours of rest. The strike at La Creuzot shows no signs of coming to an end. In Paris placards were for several days posted on the dead-walls, inviting all workmen to refuse to pay their monthly rents and to join in general strike on the 10th inst. The day passed quietly, however.

The conscription riots in Barcelona, Spain, have ended in the defeat of the rioters in one of the suburbs of the town, where they made a stand and fought two hours. The casualties are said to be light on both sides. The completion of the conscription was announced in the Cortes on the 9th inst.

The University boat-race on the Thames, on the 6th inst., resulted in a victory for the Cambridge crew, who won by a length, in twenty minutes and thirty seconds. This is the fastest time on record.

The remains of Hon. Anson Burlingame left Hamburg on Wednesday April 6, and will probably arrive in this city within twelve days from that date.

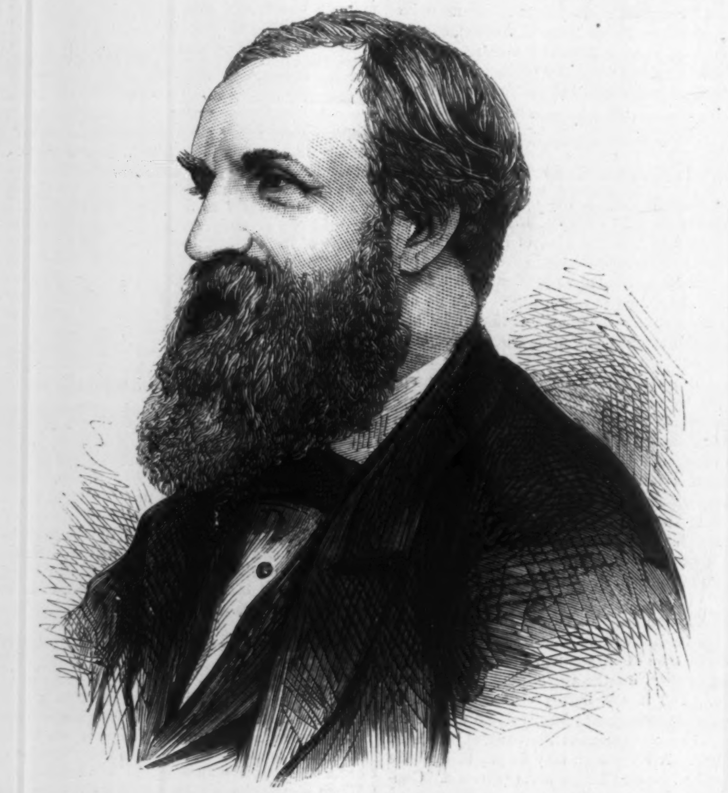
The Chinese Embassy has gone to Brussels, to negotiate a treaty with the Belgian Government.

IRISH TURF-CARRIERS.

A few years ago it was discovered by some profound English statesman that the true solution of the Irish question was to be found in the peat-bogs of the Green Isle. They were to become mines of wealth, and work the regeneration of that unhappy country. But, though bogs are plentiful, and stacks of peat stand by every cottage door, the desired regeneration is still far out of sight; and the famous cartoon in *Punch*, representing a jovial well-clad Irishman shoveling peat in at one side of a kiln, while on the other his buxom partner received in her apron a shower of good things in the shape of joints of meat, potatoes, quartern loaves, and candles, remains an unsubstantial dream. There is good stock in the Irish peasantry, which requires only the operation of just laws and the influence of education to give the people the sobriety and industrial thrift which are essential to good order and prosperity. The turf-carriers in the engraving on this page are characteristic types of Irish peasant girls, as well as of that unthrifty sort of industry that always prevails in a country where the working-classes have no hope of ever bettering their condition.

THE DUKE DE MONTPENSIER.

The Duke De Montpensier, the youngest son of Louis Philippe, and a claimant to the Spanish throne, his wife the Infanta Louisa Fernanda being sister to the ex-Queen Isabella, has sprung into an unenviable notoriety by his fatal encounter with his cousin, Henri de Bourbon, Infanta of Spain, Duke of Seville, and brother to Don Francisco de Assis, the ex-Queen's consort. For some time before the duel Prince Henri, a thorough Republican, did every thing in his power publicly to insult and ridicule the Duke, and wrote letters and pamphlets containing such outrageous expressions as are rarely used by a gentleman, even to his most bitter political opponent. The Duke hitherto had apparently disregarded these attacks, although he had several times manifested a desire to fight their author, but had been dissuaded from this by his nephew, the Comte De Paris.

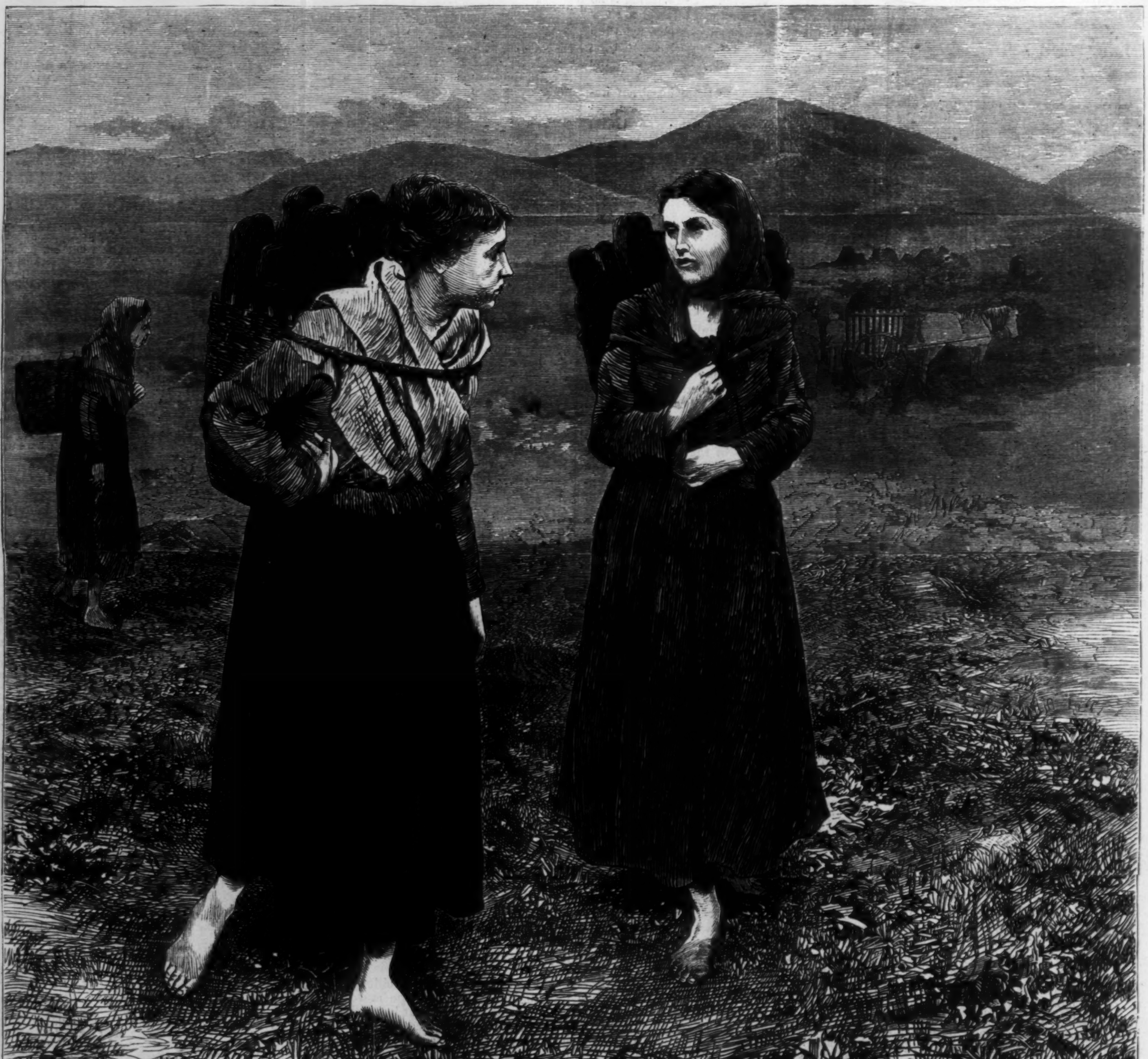


THE DUKE DE MONTPENSIER.

On the 7th of March Don Henri published in the Madrid journals an article entitled "Aux Montpensieristes," more abusive than any he had yet written. This time the provocation was so great that a challenge was immediately sent, and at once accepted. The seconds of the Duke were Generals Cordova and Alaminos and Colonel Solis. Two Republican Deputies, Rubio and Santa Maria, and an agent of the Bourse, M. Ortiz, acted for the other side. The preliminaries were easily arranged, the arm chosen being the pistol; the place the little village of Alcorcon, a great resort of Spanish duelists. The details and the result of the duel are well known to our readers. If it was fatal to the life of Prince Henri, it may also be fatal to the pretensions of the Duke, the general opinion in Spain being that he has forfeited every chance of ascending the throne of that country.

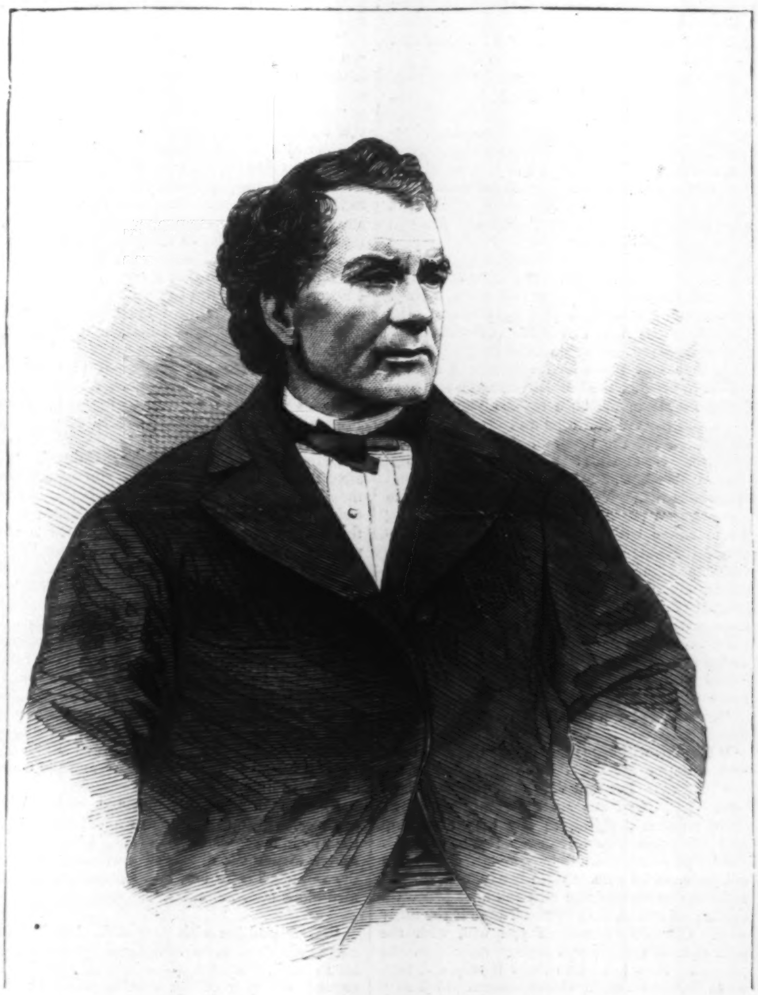
THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

The Prince Imperial of France, now in his fifteenth year, has put off the knickerbockers and small jacket of his childhood, and assumed the black frock-coat and long trowsers and the close shirt-collar of an adult modern gentleman. Rumor speaks well of the youthful Prince, as inheriting the gentleness of his mother, the Empress Eugénie, with the thoughtfulness of the Emperor, his father. He is said, however, to be more reserved in disposition than most lads of his years. He is fonder of study than of games and exercises in the open air; but he has learned to ride skillfully and boldly. The engraving we present this week, on page 264, shows him mounted on horseback, at the door of that side of the Tuileries where are situated the apartments reserved for his use. He is accompanied by Gen-



IRISH TURF-CARRIERS.

eral **FROSSARD**, his governor, who has the superintendence of his daily life and habits, while another tutor is charged with his literary and scientific instruction.



DANIEL M'FARLAND.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD, 839 BROADWAY.]

THE M'FARLAND TRIAL.

IT is many years since a trial in this city has excited such deep and general interest as that of **DANIEL M'FARLAND** on the charge of having murdered **ALBERT D. RICHARDSON**, which commenced before Recorder **HACKETT** on the 6th instant. All the circumstances of the case tended to excite the deepest public interest in the approaching trial. The prisoner's counsel kept their line of defense a profound secret until the trial was actually begun; but it was suspected that the defense would be momentary insanity.

The story of this terrible domestic tragedy is briefly as follows:

DANIEL M'FARLAND was born in Ireland, and came to this country at an early age. Left an orphan at the age of twelve to fight his own way, he rose, by industry and perseverance, to be a member of the bar and a professor in Brandywine College in Delaware. In 1852 he made the acquaintance of the lady who subsequently became his wife. She was young, the daughter of a poor weaver. They were married in 1857, and for some years the course of their domestic life ran smoothly. He had been successful in business, and had acquired considerable property in the West and in this city. But at length affairs took another turn. He became unfortunate, lost his property, and took a position in the Revenue Department.

While on a visit to her early home in New Hampshire, in the summer of 1866, Mrs. **M'FARLAND** first made the acquaintance of Mr. **RICHARDSON**, and the acquaintance soon ripened into intimate friendship; and when shortly afterward, for the purpose of earning her own support, she proposed to go upon the stage, Mr. **RICHARDSON** assisted her in obtaining an engagement at the Winter Garden theatre, where she made her *début* as *Nerissa* in "The Merchant of Venice." It is alleged by the defense that during this time an unlawful intimacy existed between Mrs. **M'FARLAND** and Mr. **RICHARDSON**; that he managed to procure rooms in the house where she and her husband were boarding with their children; that their intimacy was suspected and finally discovered by Mr. **M'FARLAND**; and that Mr. **RICHARDSON** persuaded her to leave her husband.

On the 21st of February, 1867, she left home, taking with her their children, who were soon afterward sent to Massachusetts. Mr. **M'FARLAND** made efforts to discover her and recover the children, without success. He was in the habit of visiting the *Tribune* office, and one day, while sitting there, a letter was given to him which proved to be from Mr. **RICHARDSON** to Mrs. **M'FARLAND**. It is too long to quote entire, and we give only the close:

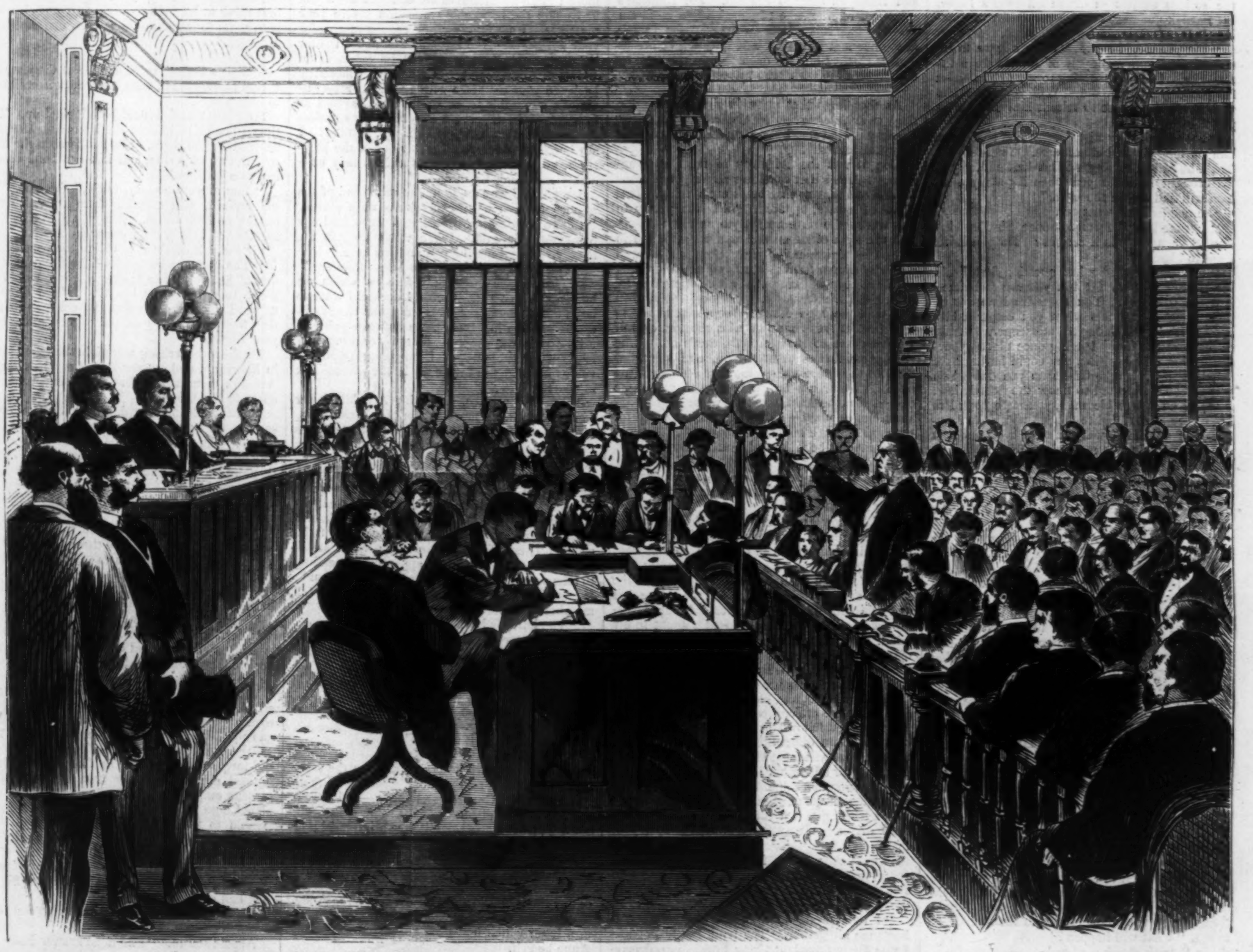
> "I never seek my pillow without wanting to fold you in my arms for a good-night kiss and blessing, and the few months before you can openly be mine will be long enough at best. No grass shall grow under my feet; but I never let public opinion bully me a bit, and never mean to. So, sunbeam, I shall come whenever I can, and stay as long as business will permit. I will decide about the summer just as soon as I can, darling; can probably surmise by Monday or Tuesday.
>
> "Darling, I should be *afraid* if you had fascinated me in a day or week. The trees which grow in an hour have no deep root. Ours I believe to be no love of a noonday hour, but for all time. Only *one* love ever grew so slowly into my heart as yours has, and that was so tender and blessed that Heaven needed and took it.
>
> "My darling, you are all I would have you—exactly what I would have you in mind, body, and estate; and my tired heart finds in you infinite rest and riches and sweetness. Good-night, my love, my own, my wife.
>
> "Burn this, will you not?"

Mr. **M'FARLAND**, convinced that his wife had left him forever, again sought to recover the custody of his children, but succeeded only in the case of his son **PERCY**. He afterward heard that a divorce had been procured in Indiana, and that Mr. **RICHARDSON** was about to marry her.

In a condition of mind which his counsel represent as bordering on insanity, he entered the *Tribune* office, on the afternoon of the 25th of November, and went behind the counter, as he had been in the habit of doing. A short time afterward Mr. **RICHARDSON** entered, and went up to the counter to receive his mail, directly opposite the place where Mr. **M'FARLAND** stood, but apparently without perceiving him. The distance between the two men was about four feet. Mr. **M'FARLAND**, according to the testimony of eye-witnesses, thrust out a pistol and fired at Mr. **RICHARDSON**; and then, in the confusion that ensued, left the office. He was arrested in the course of the evening, confronted with the wounded man, and identified by him as the one who had shot him.

Mr. **RICHARDSON** was taken to a room in the Astor House, where he lingered several days, attended by skillful physicians and carefully nursed by friends, among whom was Mrs. **M'FARLAND**. When it was no longer doubtful that death would be the result of the wound he had received, he was married, at his own request, to that lady, the ceremony being conducted by Mr. **BEECHER** and Mr. **FROTHINGHAM**. A few hours later he died.

Mr. **M'FARLAND** was formally indicted for murder, and confined in the Tombs to await trial. As the day approached it was evident that great difficulty would be experienced in obtaining a jury, and the number of jurors summoned was unusually large. Three days were consumed in selecting the jury, the defense using the right of challenge very freely. The jury was finally obtained and sworn. The prosecution undertook to prove the killing of Mr. **RICHARDSON**, in the manner narrated above, and there rested its case. On the fourth day Mr. C. S. **SPENCER** opened for the defense, taking the ground, as above stated, that the act was committed in a moment of temporary insanity.



FIRST DAY OF THE M'FARLAND TRIAL—SCENE IN THE COURT-ROOM.—[FROM A SKETCH BY STANLEY FOX.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SEVENTH.

THE WAY OUT.

BREAKFAST was just over. Blanche, seeing a pleasantly-idle morning before her, proposed to Arnold to take a stroll in the grounds.

The garden was bright with sunshine, and the bride was bright with good-humor. She caught her uncle's eye, looking at her admiringly, and paid him a little compliment in return. "You have no idea," she said, "how nice it is to be back at Ham Farm!"

"I am to understand then," rejoined Sir Patrick, "that I am forgiven for interrupting the honey-moon?"

"You are more than forgiven for interrupting it," said Blanche—"you are thanked. As a married woman," she proceeded, with the air of a matron of at least twenty years' standing, "I have been thinking the subject over; and I have arrived at the conclusion that a honey-moon which takes the form of a tour on the Continent, is one of our national abuses which stands in need of reform. When you are in love with each other (I consider a marriage without love to be no marriage at all), what do you want with the excitement of seeing strange places? Isn't it excitement enough, and isn't it strange enough, to a newly-married woman to see such a total novelty as a husband? What is the most interesting object on the face of creation to a man in Arnold's position? The Alps? Certainly not! The most interesting object is the wife. And the proper time for a bridal tour is the time—say ten or a dozen years later—when you are beginning (not to get tired of each other; that's out of the question) but to get a little too well used to each other. Then take your tour to Switzerland—and you give the Alps a chance. A succession of honey-moon trips, in the autumn of married life—there is my proposal for an improvement on the present state of things! Come into the garden, Arnold; and let us calculate how long it will be before we get weary of each other, and want the beauties of nature to keep us company."

Arnold looked appealingly to Sir Patrick. Not a word had passed between them, as yet, on the serious subject of Anne Silvester's letter. Sir Patrick undertook the responsibility of making the necessary excuses to Blanche.

"Forgive me," he said, "if I ask leave to interfere with your monopoly of Arnold for a little while. I have something to say to him about his property in Scotland. Will you leave him with me, if I promise to release him as soon as possible?"

Blanche smiled graciously. "You shall have him as long as you like, uncle. There's your hat," she added, tossing it to her husband, gayly. "I brought it in for you when I got my own. You will find me on the lawn."

She nodded, and went out.

"Let me hear the worst at once, Sir Patrick," Arnold began. "Is it serious? Do you think I am to blame?"

"I will answer your last question first," said Sir Patrick. "Do I think you are to blame? Yes—in this way. You committed an act of unpardonable rashness when you consented to go, as Geoffrey Delamayn's messenger, to Miss Silvester at the inn. Having once placed yourself in that false position, you could hardly have acted, afterward, otherwise than you did. You could not be expected to know the Scotch law. And, as an honorable man, you were bound to keep a secret confided to you, in which the reputation of a woman was concerned. Your first and last error in this matter, was the fatal error of involving yourself in responsibilities which belonged exclusively to another man."

"The man had saved my life," pleaded Arnold—"and I believed I was giving service for service to my dearest friend."

"As to your other question," proceeded Sir Patrick. "Do I consider your position to be a serious one? Most assuredly, I do! So long as we are not absolutely certain that Blanche is your lawful wife, the position is more than serious: it is unendurable. I maintain the opinion, mind, out of which (thanks to your honorable silence) that scoundrel Delamayn contrived to cheat me. I told him, what I now tell you—that your sayings and doings at Craig Fernie, do *not* constitute a marriage, according to Scottish law. But," pursued Sir Patrick, holding up a warning forefinger at Arnold, "you have read it in Miss Silvester's letter, and you may now take it also as a result of my experience, that no individual opinion, in a matter of this kind, is to be relied on. Of two lawyers, consulted by Miss Silvester at Glasgow, one draws a directly opposite conclusion to mine, and decides that you and she *are* married. I believe him to be wrong; but, in our situation, we have no other choice than to boldly encounter the view of the case which he represents. In plain English, we must begin by looking the worst in the face."

Arnold twisted the traveling hat which Blanche had thrown to him, nervously, in both hands. "Supposing the worst comes to the worst," he asked, "what will happen?"

Sir Patrick shook his head.

"It is not easy to tell you," he said, "without entering into the legal aspect of the case. I shall only puzzle you if I do that. Suppose we look at the matter in its social bearings—I mean, as it may possibly affect you and Blanche, and your unborn children?"

Arnold gave the hat a tighter twist than ever. "I never thought of the children," he said, with a look of consternation.

"The children may present themselves," returned Sir Patrick, dryly, "for all that. Now listen. It may have occurred to your mind that the plain way out of our present dilemma is for you and Miss Silvester, respectively, to affirm what we know to be the truth—namely, that you never had the slightest intention of marrying each other. Beware of founding any hopes on any such remedy at that! If you reckon on it, you reckon without Geoffrey Delamayn. He is interested, remember, in proving you and Miss Silvester to be man and wife. Circumstances may arise—I won't waste time in guessing at what they may be—which will enable a third person to produce the landlady and the waiter at Craig Fernie in evidence against you—and to assert that your declaration and Miss Silvester's declaration are the result of collusion between you two. Don't start! Such things have happened before now. Miss Silvester is poor; and Blanche is rich. You may be made to stand in the awkward position of a man who is denying his marriage with a poor woman, in order to establish his marriage with an heiress: Miss Silvester presumably aiding the fraud, with two strong interests of her own as inducements—the interest of asserting the claim to be the wife of a man of rank, and the interest of earning her reward in money for resigning you to Blanche. There is a case which a scoundrel might set up—and with some appearance of truth too—in a court of justice!"

"Surely, the law wouldn't allow him to do that?"

"The law will argue any thing, with any body who will pay the law for the use of its brains and its time. Let that view of the matter alone now. Delamayn can set the case going, if he likes, without applying to any lawyer to help him. He has only to cause a report to reach Blanche's ears which publicly asserts that she is not your lawful wife. With her temper, do you suppose she would leave us a minute's peace till the matter was cleared up? Or take it the other way. Comfort yourself, if you will, with the idea that this affair will trouble nobody in the present. How are we to know it may not turn up in the future under circumstances which may place the legitimacy of your children in doubt? We have a man to deal with who sticks at nothing. We have a state of the law which can only be described as one scandalous uncertainty from beginning to end. And we have two people (Bishopriggs and Mrs. Inchbare) who can, and will, speak to what took place between you and Anne Silvester at the inn. For Blanche's sake, and for the sake of your unborn children, we must face this matter on the spot—and settle it at once and forever. The question before us now is this. Shall we open the proceedings by communicating with Miss Silvester or not?"

At that important point in the conversation they were interrupted by the reappearance of Blanche. Had she, by any accident, heard what they had been saying?

No; it was the old story of most interruptions. Idleness that considers nothing, had come to look at Industry that bears every thing. It is a law of nature, apparently, that the people in this world who have nothing to do can not support the sight of an uninterrupted occupation in the hands of their neighbors. Blanche produced a new specimen from Arnold's collection of hats. "I have been thinking about it in the garden," she said, quite seriously. "Here is the brown one with the high crown. You look better in this than in the white one with the low crown. I have come to change them, that's all." She changed the hats with Arnold, and went on, without the faintest suspicion that she was in the way. "Wear the brown one when you come out—and come soon, dear. I won't stay an instant longer, uncle—I wouldn't interrupt you for the world." She kissed her hand to Sir Patrick, and smiled at her husband, and went out.

"What were we saying?" asked Arnold. "It's awkward to be interrupted in this way, isn't it?"

"If I know any thing of female human nature," returned Sir Patrick, composedly, "your wife will be in and out of the room, in that way, the whole morning. I give her ten minutes, Arnold, before she changes her mind again on the serious and weighty subject of the white hat and the brown. These little interruptions—otherwise quite charming—raised a doubt in my mind. Wouldn't it be wise (I ask myself), if we made a virtue of necessity, and took Blanche into the conversation? What do you say to calling her back and telling her the truth?"

Arnold started, and changed color.

"There are difficulties in the way," he said.

"My good fellow! at every step of this business there are difficulties in the way. Sooner or later, your wife must know what has happened. The time for telling her is, no doubt, a matter for your decision, not mine. All I say is this. Consider whether the disclosure won't come from you with a better grace, if you make it before you are fairly driven to the wall, and obliged to open your lips."

Arnold rose to his feet—took a turn in the room—sat down again—and looked at Sir Patrick, with the expression of a thoroughly bewildered and thoroughly helpless man.

"I don't know what to do," he said. "It beats me altogether. The truth is, Sir Patrick, I was fairly forced, at Craig Fernie, into deceiving Blanche—in what might seem to her a very unfeeling, and a very unpardonable way."

"That sounds awkward! What do you mean?"

"I'll try and tell you. You remember when you went to the inn to see Miss Silvester? Well, being there privately at the time, of course I was obliged to keep out of your way."

"I see! And, when Blanche came afterward, you were obliged to hide from Blanche, exactly as you had hidden from me?"

"Worse even than that! A day or two later, Blanche took me into her confidence. She spoke to me of her visit to the inn, as if I was a perfect stranger to the circumstances. She told me to my face, Sir Patrick, of the invisible man who had kept so strangely out of her way—without the faintest suspicion that I was the man. And I never opened my lips to set her right! I was obliged to be silent, or I must have betrayed Miss Silvester. What will Blanche think of me, if I tell her now? That's the question!"

Blanche's name had barely passed her husband's lips before Blanche herself verified Sir Patrick's prediction, by reappearing at the open French window, with the superseded white hat in her hand.

"Haven't you done yet!" she exclaimed. "I am shocked, uncle, to interrupt you again—but these horrid hats of Arnold's are beginning to weigh upon my mind. On reconsideration, I think the white hat with the low crown is the most becoming of the two. Change again, dear. Yes! the brown hat is hideous. There's a beggar at the gate. Before I go quite distracted, I shall give him the brown hat, and have done with the difficulty in that manner. Am I very much in the way of business? I'm afraid I must appear restless? Indeed, I *am* restless. I can't imagine what is the matter with me this morning."

"I can tell you," said Sir Patrick, in his gravest and dryest manner. "You are suffering, Blanche, from a malady which is exceedingly common among the young ladies of England. As a disease it is quite incurable—and the name of it is Nothing-to-Do."

Blanche dropped her uncle a smart little courtesy. "You might have told me I was in the way in fewer words than that." She whisked round, kicked the disgraced brown hat out into the veranda before her, and left the two gentlemen alone once more.

"Your position with your wife, Arnold," resumed Sir Patrick, returning gravely to the matter in hand, "is certainly a difficult one." He paused, thinking of the evening when he and Blanche had illustrated the vagueness of Mrs. Inchbare's description of the man at the inn, by citing Arnold himself as being one of the hundreds of innocent people who answered to it! "Perhaps," he added, "the situation is even more difficult than you suppose. It would have been certainly easier for *you*—and it would have looked more honorable in *her* estimation—if you had made the inevitable confession before your marriage. I am, in some degree, answerable for your not having done this—as well as for the far more serious dilemma with Miss Silvester in which you now stand. If I had not innocently hastened your marriage with Blanche, Miss Silvester's admirable letter would have reached us in ample time to prevent mischief. It's useless to dwell on that now. Cheer up, Arnold! I am bound to show you the way out of the labyrinth, no matter what the difficulties may be—and, please God, I will do it!"

He pointed to a table at the other end of the room, on which writing materials were placed. "I hate moving the moment I have had my breakfast," he said. "We won't go into the library. Bring me the pen and ink here."

"Are you going to write to Miss Silvester?"

"That is the question before us which we have not settled yet. Before I decide, I want to be in possession of the facts—down to the smallest detail of what took place between you and Miss Silvester at the inn. There is only one way of getting at those facts. I am going to examine you as if I had you before me in the witness-box in court."

With that preface, and with Arnold's letter from Baden in his hand as a brief to speak from, Sir Patrick put his questions in clear and endless succession; and Arnold patiently and faithfully answered them all.

The examination proceeded uninterruptedly until it had reached that point in the progress of events at which Anne had crushed Geoffrey Delamayn's letter in her hand, and had thrown it from her indignantly to the other end of the room. There, for the first time, Sir Patrick dipped his pen in the ink, apparently intending to take a note. "Be very careful here," he said; "I want to know every thing that you can tell me about that letter."

"The letter is lost," said Arnold.

"The letter has been stolen by Bishopriggs," returned Sir Patrick, "and is in the possession of Bishopriggs at this moment."

"Why, you know more about it than I do!" exclaimed Arnold.

"I sincerely hope not. I don't know what was inside the letter. Do you?"

"Yes. Part of it at least."

"Part of it?"

"There were two letters written, on the same sheet of paper," said Arnold. "One of them was written by Geoffrey Delamayn—and that is the one I know about."

Sir Patrick started. His face brightened; he made a hasty note. "Go on!" he said, eagerly. "How came the letters to be written on the same sheet? Explain that!"

Arnold explained that Geoffrey, in the absence of any thing else to write his excuses on to Anne, had written to her on the fourth or blank page of a letter which had been addressed to him by Anne herself.

"Did you read that letter?" asked Sir Patrick.

"I might have read it if I had liked."

"And you didn't read it?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Out of delicacy."

Even Sir Patrick's carefully-trained temper was not proof against this. "That is the most misplaced act of delicacy I ever heard of in my life!" cried the old gentleman, warmly. "Never mind! it's useless to regret it now. At any rate, you read Delamayn's answer to Miss Silvester's letter?"

"Yes—I did."

"Repeat it—as nearly as you can remember at this distance of time."

"It was so short," said Arnold, "that there is hardly any thing to repeat. As well as I remember, Geoffrey said he was called away to London by his father's illness. He told Miss Silvester to stop where she was; and he referred her to me, as messenger. That's all I recollect of it now."

"Cudgel your brains, my good fellow! this is very important. Did he make no allusion to his engagement to marry Miss Silvester at Craig Fernie? Didn't he try to pacify her by an apology of some sort?"

The question roused Arnold's memory to make another effort.

"Yes," he answered. "Geoffrey said something about being true to his engagement, or keeping his promise, or words to that effect."

"You're sure of what you say now?"

"I am certain of it."

Sir Patrick made another note.

"Was the letter signed?" he asked, when he had done.

"Yes."

"And dated?"

"Yes." Arnold's memory made a second effort, after he had given his second affirmative answer. "Wait a little," he said. "I remember something else about the letter. It was not only dated. The time of day at which it was written was put as well."

"How came he to do that?"

"I suggested it. The letter was so short I felt ashamed to deliver it as it stood. I told him to put the time—so as to show her that he was obliged to write in a hurry. He put the time when the train started; and (I think) the time when the letter was written as well."

"And you delivered that letter to Miss Silvester, with your own hand, as soon as you saw her at the inn?"

"I did."

Sir Patrick made a third note, and pushed the paper away from him with an air of supreme satisfaction.

"I always suspected that lost letter to be an important document," he said—"or Bishopriggs would never have stolen it. We must get possession of it, Arnold, at any sacrifice. The first thing to be done (exactly as I anticipated), is to write to the Glasgow lawyer, and find Miss Silvester."

"Wait a little!" cried a voice at the veranda. "Don't forget that I have come back from Baden to help you!"

Sir Patrick and Arnold both looked up. This time Blanche had heard the last words that had passed between them. She sat down at the table by Sir Patrick's side, and laid her hand caressingly on his shoulder.

"You are quite right, uncle," she said. "I *am* suffering this morning from the malady of having nothing to do. Are you going to write to Anne? Don't. Let me write instead."

Sir Patrick declined to resign the pen.

"The person who knows Miss Silvester's address," he said, "is a lawyer in Glasgow. I am going to write to the lawyer. When he sends us word where she is—then, Blanche, will be the time to employ your good offices, in winning back your friend."

He drew the writing materials once more within his reach, and, suspending the remainder of Arnold's examination for the present, began his letter to Mr. Crum.

Blanche pleaded hard for an occupation of some sort. "Can nobody give me something to do?" she asked. "Glasgow is such a long way off, and waiting is such weary work. Don't sit there staring at me, Arnold! Can't you suggest something?"

Arnold, for once, displayed an unexpected readiness of resource.

"If you want to write," he said, "you owe Lady Lundie a letter. It's three days since you heard from her—and you haven't answered her yet."

Sir Patrick paused, and looked up quickly from his writing-desk.

"Lady Lundie?" he muttered, inquiringly.

"Yes," said Blanche. "It's quite true; I owe her a letter. And of course I ought to tell her we have come back to England. She will be finely provoked when she hears why!"

The prospect of provoking Lady Lundie seemed to rouse Blanche's dormant energies. She took a sheet of her uncle's note-paper, and began writing her answer then and there.

Sir Patrick completed his communication to the lawyer—after a look at Blanche, which expressed any thing rather than approval of her present employment. Having placed his completed note in the post-bag, he silently signed to Arnold to follow him into the garden. They went out together, leaving Blanche absorbed over her letter to her step-mother.

"Is my wife doing any thing wrong?" asked Arnold, who had noticed the look which Sir Patrick had cast on Blanche.

"Your wife is making mischief as fast as her fingers can spread it."

Arnold stared. "She must answer Lady Lundie's letter," he said.

"Unquestionably."

"And she must tell Lady Lundie we have come back."

"I don't deny it."

"Then what is the objection to her writing?"

Sir Patrick took a pinch of snuff—and pointed with his ivory cane to the bees humming busily about the flower-beds in the sunshine of the autumn morning.

"I'll show you the objection," he said. "Suppose Blanche told one of those inveterately-intrusive insects that the honey in the flowers happens, through an unexpected accident, to have come to an end—do you think he would take the statement for granted? No. He would plunge head-foremost into the nearest flower, and investigate it for himself."

"Well?" said Arnold.

"Well—there is Blanche in the breakfast-room telling Lady Lundie that the bridal tour happens, through an unexpected accident, to have come to an end. Do you think Lady Lundie is the sort of person to take the statement for granted? Nothing of the sort! Lady Lundie, like the bee, will insist on investigating for herself. How it will end, if she discovers the truth—and what new complications she may not introduce into a matter which, Heaven knows, is complicated enough already—I leave you to imagine. *My* poor powers of prevision are not equal to it."

Before Arnold could answer, Blanche joined them from the breakfast-room.

"I've done it," she said. "It was an awkward letter to write—and it's a comfort to have it over."

"You have done it, my dear," remarked Sir Patrick, quietly. "And it may be a comfort. But it's not over."

"What do you mean?"

"I think, Blanche, we shall hear from your step-mother by return of post."

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-EIGHTH.

THE NEWS FROM GLASGOW.

The letters to Lady Lundie and to Mr. Crum having been dispatched on Monday, the return of the post might be looked for on Wednesday afternoon at Ham Farm.

Sir Patrick and Arnold held more than one private consultation, during the interval, on the delicate and difficult subject of admitting Blanche to a knowledge of what had happened. The wise elder advised; and the inexperienced junior listened. "Think of it," said Sir Patrick; "and do it." And Arnold thought of it—and left it undone.

Let those who feel inclined to blame him remember that he had only been married a fortnight. It is hard, surely, after but two weeks' possession of your wife, to appear before her in the character of an offender on trial—and to find that an angel of retribution has been thrown into the bargain by the liberal destiny which bestowed on you the woman whom you adore!

They were all three at home on the Wednesday afternoon, looking out for the postman.

The correspondence delivered included (exactly as Sir Patrick had foreseen) a letter from Lady Lundie. Further investigation, on the far more interesting subject of the expected news from Glasgow, revealed—nothing. The lawyer had not answered Sir Patrick's inquiry by return of post.

"Is that a bad sign?" asked Blanche.

"It is a sign that something has happened," answered her uncle. "Mr. Crum is possibly expecting to receive some special information, and is waiting on the chance of being able to communicate it. We must hope, my dear, in to-morrow's post."

"Open Lady Lundie's letter in the mean time," said Blanche. "Are you sure it is for you—and not for me?"

There was no doubt about it. Her ladyship's reply was ominously addressed to her ladyship's brother-in-law. "I know what that means," said Blanche, eying her uncle eagerly while he was reading the letter. "If you mention Anne's name you insult my step-mother. I have mentioned it freely. Lady Lundie is mortally offended with me."

Rash judgment of youth! A lady who takes a dignified attitude, in a family emergency, is never mortally offended—she is only deeply grieved. Lady Lundie took a dignified attitude. "I well know," wrote this estimable and Christian woman, "that I have been all along regarded in the light of an intruder by the family connections of my late beloved husband. But I was hardly prepared to find myself entirely shut out from all domestic confidence, at a time when some serious domestic catastrophe has but too evidently taken place. I have no desire, dear Sir Patrick, to intrude. Feeling it, however, to be quite inconsistent with a due regard for my own position—after what has happened—to correspond with Blanche, I address myself to the head of the family, purely in the interests of propriety. Permit me to ask whether—under circumstances which appear to be serious enough to require the recall of my step-daughter and her husband from their wedding-tour—you think it Decent to keep the widow of the late Sir Thomas Lundie entirely in the dark? Pray consider this—not at all out of regard for Me!—but out of regard for your own position with Society. Curiosity is, as you know, foreign to my nature. But when this dreadful scandal (whatever it may be) comes out—which, dear Sir Patrick, it can not fail to do—what will the world think, when it asks for Lady Lundie's opinion, and hears that Lady Lundie knew nothing about it? Whichever way you may decide I shall take no offense. I may possibly be wounded—but that won't matter. My little round of duties will find me still earnest, still cheerful. And even if you shut me out, my best wishes will find their way, nevertheless, to Ham Farm. May I add—without encountering a sneer—that the prayers of a lonely woman are offered for the welfare of all?"

"Well?" said Blanche.

Sir Patrick folded up the letter, and put it in his pocket.

"You have your step-mother's best wishes, my dear." Having answered in those terms, he bowed to his niece with his best grace, and walked out of the room.

"Do I think it decent," he repeated to himself, as he closed the door, "to leave the widow of the late Sir Thomas Lundie in the dark? When a lady's temper is a little ruffled, I think it more than decent, I think it absolutely desirable, to let that lady have the last word." He went into the library, and dropped his sister-in-law's remonstrance into a box, labeled "Unanswered Letters." Having got rid of it in that way, he hummed his favorite little Scotch air—and put on his hat, and went out to sun himself in the garden.

Meanwhile, Blanche was not quite satisfied with Sir Patrick's reply. She appealed to her husband. "There is something wrong," she said—"and my uncle is hiding it from me."

Arnold could have desired no better opportunity than she had offered to him, in those words, for making the long-deferred disclosure to her of the truth. He lifted his eyes to Blanche's face. By an unhappy fatality she was looking charmingly that morning. How would she look if he told her the story of the hiding at the inn? Arnold was still in love with her—and Arnold said nothing.

The next day's post brought not only the anticipated letter from Mr. Crum, but an unexpected Glasgow newspaper as well.

This time Blanche had no reason to complain that her uncle kept his correspondence a secret from her. After reading the lawyer's letter, with an interest and agitation which showed that the contents had taken him by surprise, he handed it to Arnold and his niece. "Bad news there," he said. "We must share it together."

After acknowledging the receipt of Sir Patrick's letter of inquiry, Mr. Crum began by stating all that he knew of Miss Silvester's movements—dating from the time when she had left the Sheep's Head Hotel. About a fortnight since he had received a letter from her informing him that she had found a suitable place of residence in a village near Glasgow. Feeling a strong interest in Miss Silvester, Mr. Crum had visited her some few days afterward. He had satisfied himself that she was lodging with respectable people, and was as comfortably situated as circumstances would permit. For a week more he had heard nothing from the lady. At the expiration of that time he had received a letter from her, telling him that she had read something in a Glasgow newspaper, of that day's date, which seriously concerned herself, and which would oblige her to travel northward immediately as fast as her strength would permit. At a later period, when she would be more certain of her own movements, she engaged to write again, and let Mr. Crum know where he might communicate with her if necessary. In the mean time, she could only thank him for his kindness, and beg him to take care of any letters or messages which might be left for her. Since the receipt of this communication the lawyer had heard nothing further. He had waited for the morning's post in the hope of being able to report that he had received some further intelligence. The hope had not been realized. He had now stated all that he knew himself thus far—and he had forwarded a copy of the newspaper alluded to by Miss Silvester, on the chance that an examination of it by Sir Patrick might possibly lead to further discoveries. In conclusion, he pledged himself to write again the moment he had any information to send.

Blanche snatched up the newspaper, and opened it. "Let me look!" she said. "I can find what Anne saw here if any body can!"

She ran her eye eagerly over column after column and page after page—and dropped the newspaper on her lap with a gesture of despair.

"Nothing!" she exclaimed. "Nothing any where, that I can see, to interest Anne. Nothing to interest any body—except Lady Lundie," she went on, brushing the newspaper off her lap. "It turns out to be all true, Arnold, at Swanhaven. Geoffrey Delamayn *is* going to marry Mrs. Glenarm."

"What!" cried Arnold; the idea instantly flashing on him that this was the news which Anne had seen.

Sir Patrick gave him a warning look, and picked up the newspaper from the floor.

"I may as well run through it, Blanche, and make quite sure that you have missed nothing," he said.

The report to which Blanche had referred was among the paragraphs arranged under the heading of "Fashionable News." "A matrimonial alliance" (the Glasgow journal announced) "was in prospect between the Honorable Geoffrey Delamayn and the lovely and accomplished relict of the late Mathew Glenarm, Esq., formerly Miss Newenden." The marriage would, in all probability, "be solemnized in Scotland, before the end of the present autumn;" and the wedding-breakfast, it was whispered, "would collect a large and fashionable party at Swanhaven Lodge."

Sir Patrick handed the newspaper silently to Arnold. It was plain to any one who knew Anne Silvester's story that those were the words which had found their fatal way to her in her place of rest. The inference that followed seemed to be hardly less clear. But one intelligible object, in the opinion of Sir Patrick, could be at the end of her journey to the north. The deserted woman had rallied the last relics of her old energy—and had devoted herself to the desperate purpose of stopping the marriage of Mrs. Glenarm.

THE BRETON BLUE-BEARD.

In the ancient Abbey of St. Gildas de Rhuys, in Brittany, may be seen a rude colored print relative to the legend of Comorre, or Comor, the Breton "Blue-beard," in which St. Gildas plays a conspicuous part. The story, as told by Emile Souvestre, is this: Guerech, Count of Vannes, the country of white corn, had a daughter, Triphyna, whom he tenderly loved. One day embassadors arrived from Comorre, a prince of Cornouaille, the country of the black corn, demanding her in marriage. Now this caused great distress; for Comorre was a giant, and one of the wickedest of men, held in awe by every one for his cruelty. As a boy, when he went out, his mother used to ring a bell to warn people of his approach. He shot a child in order to prove his gun; and, when unsuccessful in the chase, would set his dogs on the peasants to tear them in pieces. But most horrible of all, he had had four wives, who all died, one after the other, under suspicion of having been killed by either the knife, fire, water, or poison. The Count of Vannes, therefore, dismissed the embassadors, and advanced to meet Comorre, who was approaching with a powerful army; but St. Gildas went into her oratory, and begged Triphyna would save bloodshed, and consent to the marriage. He gave her a silver ring, which would warn her of any intended evil by turning, at the approach of danger, as black as the crow's wing. The marriage took place with great rejoicings. The first day six thousand guests were invited; on the next as many poor were fed, the bride and the bridegroom serving at table, a napkin under their arms. For some time all went on well. Comorre's nature seemed changed, his prisons were empty, his gibbets untenanted; but Triphyna felt no confidence, and every day went to pray at the tombs of his four wives. At this time there was an assembly at Rennes of the Breton princes, which Comorre was obliged to attend. Before his departure he gave Triphyna the keys, desiring her to amuse herself in his absence. After five months he unexpectedly returned, and found her occupied in trimming an infant's cap with gold-lace. On seeing the cap Comorre turned pale; and when Triphyna joyfully announced to him that in two months he would be a father, he drew back in a rage and rushed out of the apartment. Triphyna saw that her ring had turned black, which betokened danger, she knew not why. She descended into the chapel to pray. When she arose to depart it was midnight, and she saw the four tombs of Comorre's wives open slowly, and they all issued forth in their winding-sheets. Half dead with fear, Triphyna tried to escape; but the spectres cried, "Take care, poor lost one! Comorre seeks to kill you." "I!" says the Countess; "what evil have I done?" "You have told him that you will soon become a mother; and, through the Spirit of Evil, he knows that his child will kill him; and that is why he has murdered us, when we told him what he has just learned from you." "What hope, then, of escape remains for me?" cried Triphyna. "Go back to your father," answered the phantoms. "But how escape, when Comorre's dog guards the court?" "Give him this poison which killed me," said the first wife. "But how can I descend this high wall?" "By means of this cord which strangled me," answered the second wife. "But who will guide me through the dark?" "The fire which burned me," replied the third wife. "And how can I make so long a journey?" returned Triphyna. "Take this stick which broke my skull," returned the fourth spectre. Armed with these weapons, Triphyna sets out, silences the dog, scales the wall, sees her way through the darkness, and proceeds on her road to Vannes. On awaking next morning, Comorre finds his wife fled, and pursues her on horseback. The poor fugitive, seeing her ring turn black, turned off the road and hid herself till night in the cabin of a shepherd, where was only an old magpie in a cage at the door. Comorre, who had given up the pursuit, was returning home that road, when he heard the magpie trying to imitate her complaints, and calling out, "Poor Triphyna!" He therefore knew his wife had passed that way, and set his dog on the track. Meanwhile Triphyna felt she could proceed no further, and lay down on the ground, where she brought into the world a boy of marvelous beauty. As she clasped him to her arms, she saw over her head a falcon with a golden collar, which she recognized as her father's. The bird came to her call, and giving it the warning ring of St. Gildas, she told it to fly with it to her father. The bird obeyed, and flew with it like lightning to Vannes; but almost at the same instant Comorre arrived. Having parted with her warning ring, Triphyna, who had no notice of his approach, had only time to conceal her babe in the cavity of a tree, when Comorre threw himself upon his unhappy wife, and with one blow severed her head from her body. When the falcon arrived at Vannes, he found the King at dinner with St. Gildas. He let the ring fall into the silver cup of his master, who, recognizing it, exclaimed, "My daughter is in danger! Saddle the horses, and let St. Gildas accompany us." Following the falcon, they soon reached the spot where Triphyna lay dead. After they had all knelt in prayer, St. Gildas said to the corpse, "Arise; take thy head and thy child, and follow us." The dead body obeyed; the bewildered troop followed. But, gallop as fast as they could, the headless body was always in front, carrying the babe in her left hand, and her pale head in the right. In this manner they reached the castle of Comorre. "Count," says St. Gildas, "I bring back your wife such as your wickedness has made her, and thy child such as Heaven has given it thee. Wilt thou receive them under thy roof?" Comorre was silent. The Saint three times repeated the question, but no voice returned an answer. Then St. Gildas took the new-born infant from its mother, and placed it on the ground. The child marched alone to the edge of the moat, and picking up a handful of earth and throwing it against the castle, exclaimed, "Let the Trinity execute judgment!" At the same instant the towers shook and fell with a great crash; the walls yawned open and the castle sunk, burying Comorre and all his fellow-partners in crime. St. Gildas then replaced Triphyna's head upon her shoulders, laid his hands upon her, and restored her to life, to the great joy of her father.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Two Scotchmen, turning the corner of a street very sharply, came into collision. The shock was rather stunning to one of them. He pulled off his hat, and laying his hand on his forehead, said: "Sic a blow! my heed's a' ringing again." "Nae wonder," said his companion; "your heed was aye boss (empty): that makes it ring. My heed disna ring a bit." "How could it ring," said the other, "seeing it is crackit?"

Two Jews in Vienna recently passed an Austrian officer who strutted up and down the street in his gold-embroidered uniform as majestically as a peacock. "Why," said Isaacs to Levy, "that officer looks as proud as if he had lost the battle of Sadowa all alone."

A lawyer who was sometimes forgetful, having been engaged to plead the cause of an offender, began by saying: "I know the prisoner at the bar, and he bears the character of being a most consummate and impudent scoundrel." Here somebody whispered to him that the prisoner was his client, when he immediately continued: "But what great and good men ever lived who was not calumniated by many of his contemporaries?"

How to prepare a Goose for the Table.—Take your goose confidentially into a corner (any corner will do), and then break the news to him as gently as possible. When the dinner hour comes round you will find him fully prepared.

The following lines were taken from a young lady's hymn-book, a few days ago, which she thoughtlessly left in church:

> "I look in vain—he does not come;
> Dear, dear, what shall I do?
> I can not listen as I ought,
> Unless he listens too.
> He might have come as well as not;
> What plagues these fellows are!
> I'll bet he's fast asleep at home,
> Or smoking a cigar."

Moral.—Don't write your thoughts in a hymn-book, or, if you do, be careful not to let them lie "around loose."

Sure Enough.—If you want a policeman, it's ten to one you won't find him; but if you *don't* want him, it's a hundred to one *he will* find *you!*

When is the wind like a certain fruit?—When it is current.
When is it like music?—When it whistles.
When is it like a baby?—When it is squally.
When like a fruit tree?—When it blows.
When like a person in deep grief?—When it moans.
When like a newspaper?—When it puffs.

A man was indicted for felony. His innocence was proven; but notwithstanding this the jury found him guilty. The Judge was shocked, and arose and said: "Gentlemen, the prisoner's innocence was clearly proven." "Yes," said the foreman, "he is innocent of the crime now charged against him, but he stole my gray mare last Christmas."

A Real Teetotal Curiosity—A pair of water-tight boots.

A young member of the Legislature, who rose to deliver his sentiments on the bill to abolish capital punishment, with a dignified serenity of countenance, commenced with, "Mr. Speaker, the generality of mankind in general are disposed to exercise oppression on the generality of mankind in general." Just at this point, one, who sat immediately behind him, pulled him by the coat tail, and cried, "Stop, stop, I say; you are coming out of the same hole you just went in at."

"The boy at the head of the class will state what were the *dark ages* of the world." Boy hesitates. "Next—Master Smith, can't you tell what the dark ages were?" "I guess they were the ages just before the invention of *spectacles*." "Go to your seats."

They had female voters in Shakspeare's day. Thus:

> "And the imperial *vot'ress* passed on
> In maiden meditation, fancy free."

Nat M—— was a queer genius. A neighbor found him one day at work at an enormous wood-pile, sawing away for dear life with an intolerably dull saw. "Why don't you sharpen your saw, Nat?" asked the neighbor. Looking up with an inimitably droll expression, "I should think I had work enough to do to saw up this wood-pile without stopping to sharpen saws."

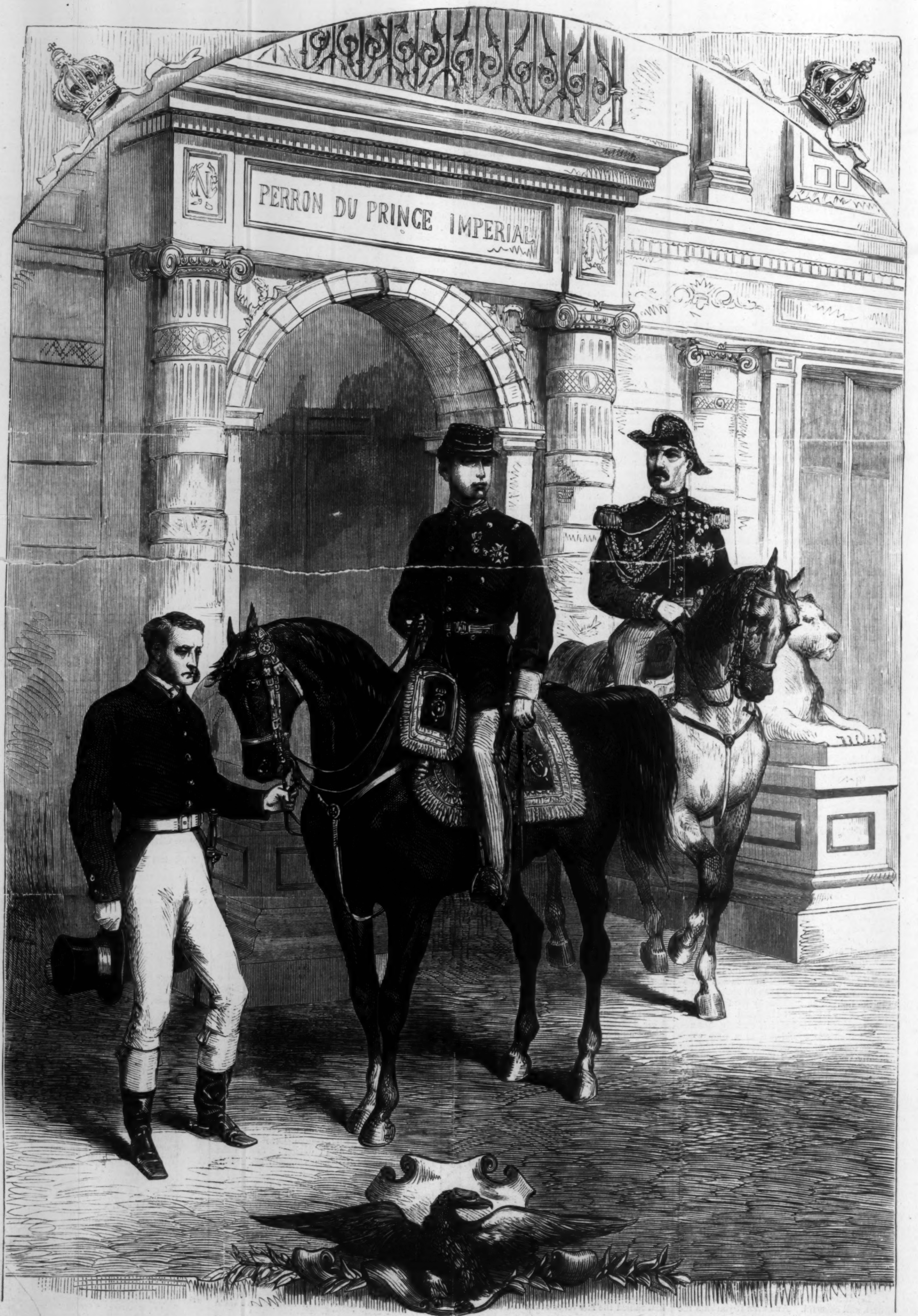
"You are in bad health; your face is spare," said a friend of ours on meeting an acquaintance. "Very well," said the other, "if I am thin-faced you are double-faced, so that both of us have spare faces."

CITY RAILROAD CARS.

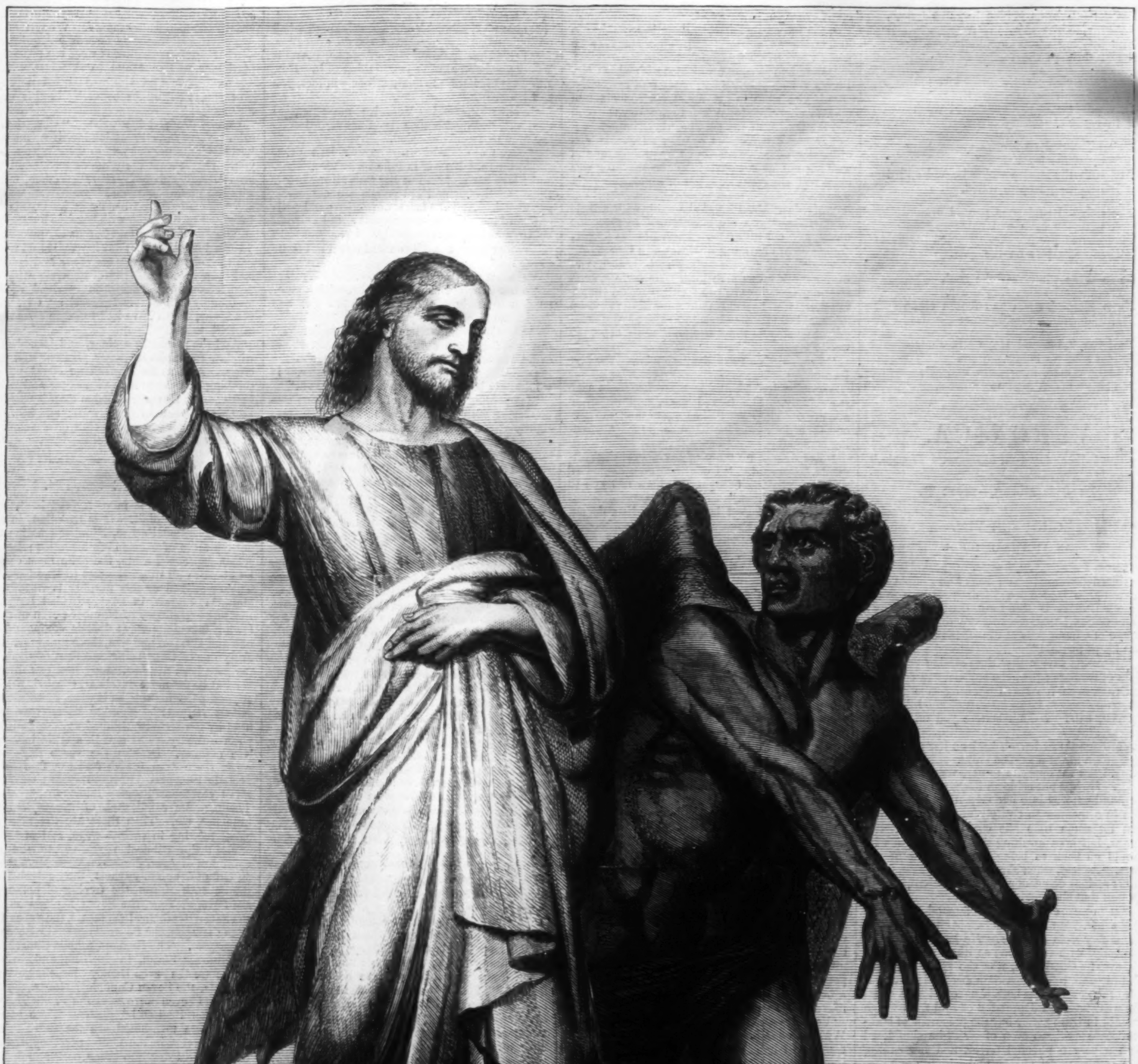
Never full, pack 'em in;
Move up, fat men; squeeze in, thin;
Trunks, valises, boxes, bundles,
Fill up gaps as on she tumbles.
Market baskets without number,
Owners easy, nod in slumber,
Thirty seated, forty standing,
A dozen or more on either landing.
Old man lifts his signal finger,
Car slacks up, but not a linger;
He's jerked aboard by sleeve or shoulder,
Shoved inside to sweat and smoulder.
Toes are trod on, hats are smashed,
Dresses soiled, hoop skirts crashed.
Thieves are busy bent on plunder;
Still we rattle on like thunder.
Packed together unwashed bodies,
Bathed in fumes of whisky toddies;
Tobacco, garlic, cheese, and lager-beer
Perfume the heated atmosphere;
Old boots, pipes, leather, and tan,
And, if in luck, a "soap-fat man."
Aren't we jolly? What a blessing!
A horse-car hash, with such a dressing!

A member of the Wyoming Legislature, seeking to sustain a point of order, jerked his coat off, with "Mr. Speaker, if some reliable man will hold these duds, I'll teach him that he is out of order." The point was sustained.

"How much water do you put in your milk?" asked a Pittsfield man of a boy who delivers milk on one of the milk routes. "We don't put any water in it," replied the boy. "What do you put in it, then?" "Ice!" said the candid youth.


PERRON DU PRINCE IMPERIAL

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL OF FRANCE.—[See Page 260.]



THE TEMPTATION.—From the Painting by Ary Scheffer.—[See Page 267.]

A DREAM OF SUMMER.

I dreamed 'twas golden Summer's time,
Although the snow lay deep,
And howling winds and hurricanes
Did through the forests sweep.

The snow-clad plain appeared to me
A mirror clear and bright,
In which I saw the gladdened earth
In verdure's beauty dight.

Dread Frost, the torrent's tyrant king,
Relaxed his icy hold;
And with the stream which he had stilled
His melting sceptre rolled.

The softened sunbeams poured around
A radiance calm and pale;
The scented flowers that gemmed the fields
Breathed odors on the gale.

So in those winters of the soul,
O'erswept by tempests drear,
From Memory's sad and frozen clime
Bright sunny days appear.

Reviving Faith and Hope still show
The soul its living powers,
And how the winter snow conceals
The germs of summer flowers.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book V.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN AWKWARD IDIOM.

"But, I assure you, I suffer unspeakably from nervous depression! You don't know how I sink down like a leaden weight dropped into water sometimes. It is the most dreadful feeling! And besides, I take scarcely any thing. A glass or two of Champagne at dinner is the only thing that keeps me up!"

"It seems to me that the reaction you complain of feeling ought to be sufficient to convince you that even the small quantity of wine you take is doing you harm instead of good."

"Ah, bah! I don't believe you understand the case."

Veronica threw herself back on her chair with the pettish air of a spoiled child.

Mr. Plew sat opposite to her, very grave, very quiet. He had put aside all her gracious coquetries, and entered into her reason for sending for him in a manner so entirely unexpected by her that for some time she could not credit her senses, but kept awaiting the moment when he should go back to being the Mr. Plew of old days. At last, when she found that he persisted in his serious demeanor, she lost her temper, and showed that she had lost it.

But not even this change of mood availed to shake Mr. Plew's steadiness. And gradually a vague fear stole over her. He looked at her so earnestly, with something so like compassion in his eyes! Good God, was she *really* very ill? Did his practiced observation discern latent malady of which she was herself unconscious? Was the weariness and depression of soul from which she did in truth suffer but the precursor of bodily disease, perhaps even of—? She shuddered with a very unaffected terror, and her smiles, and archings of the brow, and haughty curvings of the lip, and pretty, false grimaces, dropped away from her face like a mask.

"Do you think I am ill?" she asked, with dilated eyes.

"Do not *you* think so, since you sent for me?"

"Yes, yes; but I mean *very* ill—seriously ill, you know! You look so strange!"

"I do not think you are well, madam."

"What—is—it?" she asked, faintly. "You must tell me the truth. But there can't be danger. Don't tell me if you think so! It would only frighten me. And of course I know it's all nonsense. And you *will* tell me the truth, won't you?"

Her self-possession was all gone. The unreasoning terror of disease and death, which she inherited from her mother, had taken hold upon her.

The egotism which enabled her so effectually to resist the sorrows and sufferings of others, beyond a mere transitory movement of dilettante sentiment, made her terribly, exquisitely sensitive to her own.

"Don't be alarmed," said Mr. Plew, gently. "There is no need."

"Why do you look so, then? And speak so? I have never been ill since I was a child—not really ill. It would be so dreadful to be ill now!"

The tears were absolutely in her eyes as she spoke. In the presence of a stranger she might have succeeded in commanding herself more, but with Mr. Plew she did not even attempt to do so.

It pained him greatly to see her tears.

"There is really no cause for your distress," he said. "You are frightening yourself quite needlessly."

"You said I was not well," she answered, in a tone of peevish reproach.

"You have no ailment that a little care and common-sense will not cure. You do not live a healthy life. You do not take sufficient exercise. You were accustomed in your girlhood to walk, and to be out in the open air. There is something febrile and overstrained about you."

"I *can't* walk. You see that I am easily tired—that I want support. I have no appetite. I am not so strong as I was."

"You will never be stronger unless you shake off the habits of inertness and languor that have crept over you."

"I am not languid when there is any thing to interest or excite me. But what am I to do when I feel bored to death?"

"Boredom" was not a disease with which Mr. Plew's village practice had made him familiar.

"If you were to get up at six o'clock, and take a walk before breakfast, I am sure you would feel the benefit of it," said he, very simply.

Veronica's panic was passing away. A disorder that could be alleviated by getting up and walking out at six o'clock in the morning was evidently, she conceived, not of an alarming nature.

"My dear Mr. Plew," she said, with a little faint smile, "you are accustomed to prescribe for Shipley constitutions. Now, Shipley people, among other charming qualities, are famous for robustness; if I were to say *rude* health, you would think I was malicious. As for me, such violent proceedings as you speak of would simply kill me. Can't you give me something to—keep me up a little? Some—some—what is the proper technicality?—some stimulants—isn't that the word?"

"Fresh air is an excellent stimulant—the best I know."

Veronica looked at his candid, simple face searchingly. She looked once, and withdrew her eyes. Then she looked again, and the second time she waved her hand as though dismissing something.

"Let us talk no more of my nonsensical ailments," she said. "I ought to be ashamed of myself for having brought you here to listen to the recital of them."

"No, Veronica—I beg pardon. No; do not say that. I hope you will send for me whenever you think I can be of use. It would be more to me than, perhaps, you can imagine, to know that I was of real use to you, and that you relied on me."

Her face brightened. This was more like the tone she had expected from her old adorer. Poor little Plew! Yes; she really did like him very much. After all, there was something touching in his humble worship.

She made answer with a soft, liquid, beaming glance of her beautiful eyes: "My dear, good Mr. Plew—we always *were* good friends in the old days, were we not?—I think I gave you proof once upon a time that I relied on you. I have never had an opportunity of saying to you how grateful I was, and am, and always shall be, for your forwarding that letter!"

She held out her jeweled hand to him as she spoke, with a gesture of irresistible grace and spontaneity. Mr. Plew was not in the least graceful. He took the slender white hand for an instant, looked at it as though it were some frail, precious thing, which a too rough touch might break or injure, and then gently let it go again.

He liked to hear her speak so, to hear her allude to the "old days," and acknowledge so candidly her obligation regarding that letter he had sent to Maud (the outer cover, with its few words addressed to himself, was treasured in a little rose-wood box, which was the only repository, except the chest in the surgery containing poisons, that Mr. Plew ever locked). It showed a heart still unspoiled, still capable of generous movements. Poor Mr. Plew!

Veronica saw the impression she had made. Without conscious and deliberate duplicity, but from sheer habit and instinct, she assumed the tone most of all adapted to win the surgeon's admiration. He was not quite so meek and so weak, not quite so easily dazzled by tinsel glories, as she had been wont to think him. She had made a little mistake with her airs of "bonne princesse" and spoiled child.

Now she was all feeling, all candor, all ingenuous confidence. She had suffered much, very much. She had too much pride to appeal to the sympathies of the envious vulgar. To strangers she presented a front as cold and impassible as their own. So few had enough nobility of nature to be exempt from love of detraction. Her rank! Well, her husband was of her own kindred. Her mother had been a Barletti. Those who grudged her her social elevation did not know that in accepting it she was but assuming the rank of her ancestors. But all that was of trifling consequence to her. She had married Cesare because he was devoted to her, and because she was grateful and really—yes, really—attached to him. No one knew the real facts of her story. Those were between herself and one who was gone forever. If she revealed them the world would understand and forgive much that it had judged harshly. No matter. She was incapable of stooping to make such an appeal to those whom her heart did not value. With a true friend it was different. She had never yet spoken to any one as she was speaking then to Mr. Plew.

He took his leave in a state of bewilderment, out of which only three clear convictions arose—namely, that Veronica Levincourt had been more unhappy than culpable, that her beauty was the least of her attractive and lovable qualities, and that few of her sex would be capable of her magnanimous candor.

As he stood for an instant, hat in hand, in the doorway, Veronica resolved to put the crowning spell on her enchantments.

"Do you know what I mean to do, Mr. Plew?" said she, with a smile of mingled sweetness and melancholy. "I mean to drive over to-morrow afternoon and see your good mother. She must not think I have forgotten her."

Mr. Plew almost staggered. If a reservoir of ice-cold water had been opened above his head he could scarcely have been for the moment more disconcerted.

"Oh, no, no, you mustn't!" he exclaimed, with as hasty an impulse of fright and apprehension as though the Princess de' Barletti had been about to transport herself into his cottage that instant.

"Mustn't!" echoed Veronica, thinking he had misunderstood her. "I must not do what?"

"I don't mean 'must not,' of course. And it is very good and kind of you to think of it. But, I think—I believe—I should advise—in fact, you had better not."

"Why?" demanded Veronica, more puzzled than offended by the unceremonious rejection of her proffered condescension.

"Because— Well—my mother is a dear, good woman. No son ever had a better mother, and I love her and respect her with all my heart. But—she is old; and old people are not easily persuaded. And she has some notions and prejudices which can not be overcome; and I should be sorry to treat them roughly. I would it were otherwise: but—I think you had better not come to see us."

Veronica understood it all now.

"Poor dear old soul!" said she, with a compassionate smile. "I did not know she had grown too feeble to see people."

"She did not comprehend—she misunderstood my meaning about mother," thought Mr. Plew, as he walked slowly and meditatively out of the inn-yard. "Perhaps it is all the better. It would only have hurt her to know the truth."

Meanwhile, the subject of his reflections was pondering with knit brows, flushed cheek, and tightly-closed lips, on the incredible and infuriating circumstance that "that ignorant, low-born, idiotic old woman" should dare to refuse to receive the Princess Cesare de' Barletti!

When Cesare returned that evening from Hammick Lodge, and gave his wife an account of Lord George's dinner-party, which he said had been exceedingly pleasant, he appealed to her for enlightenment as to an English phrase which had puzzled him.

"English!" said Veronica, conveying into her voice and manner a skillful mingling of insolence and indifference—for Mr. Plew's revelation had galled her unspeakably, and she was by no means in an amiable mood. "You don't mean to say that you tried to speak English?"

"Yes, I tried!" answered Cesare, simply. "But Lorgiorgio speaks French pretty well, and so did some of the others. So I was not embarrassed to make myself understood. And, do you know, signora mia, that I make progress in my English! Per Bacco, I shall soon be an accomplished Cockanì!"

"An accomplished *what?*—Cockney? How ineffably absurd you are, Cesare!"

"Tante grazie! You don't spoil one with compliments! But listen: what do they mean when they say that one wears a tight corset?"

"How can I *guess* what you have in your head? Who says so? I suppose that if any one says so, he means simply what the words convey."

"Niente! Not at all! There is another meaning. You shall judge. There was a young man at dinner named Snō. I remembered that name—Signor Neve! What a comical patronymic! Well, Signor Snō asked me if we had seen much of your friend Miss Desmond since we had been in this place. He spoke in French. And I told him no; we had not had that pleasure, for she was visiting in the house of some friends. Then a man—a great hunter of the fox, Lorgiorgio told me—laughed, and said to Snō in English, 'No, no. They took Miss Desmond out of the way. They did not want her to have any thing to say to the princess. They are too'—I can not remember the word, but I know it meant—"

"Strait-laced?" suggested Veronica, with flashing eyes, and quickly-heaving bosom.

"Ecco! Precisely! And now what did he mean by saying that the friends in question were too tight-laced?"

"He meant— He meant to be insolent, and odious, and insulting! How could Lord George permit such audacious impertinence in your presence?"

"Eh?" exclaimed Cesare, greatly amazed. "I had no idea! I thought it was a jest! Lorgiorgio called out to the man to take some wine and stop his mouth. The others did not laugh, it is true," he added, reflectively. "And they looked at me oddly."

"I will not stay another day in this hateful, barbarous, boorish den!" cried Veronica. And then she burst into a passion of angry tears.

"Diavolo!" muttered Cesare, staring at her in much consternation. "Explain to me, cara mia, what it means exactly, this accursed tight-lacing!"

"I have told you enough," returned Veronica, through her tears. "Don't, for Heaven's sake, begin to tease me! I *can not* bear it."

"Listen, Veronica," said Cesare, stroking down his mustache with a quick, lithe movement of the hand that was strangely suggestive of cruelty, "you *must* answer me. Ladies do not understand these things. But if your red-faced chaser of the fox permitted himself an impertinence in my presence at the expense of my wife—he must receive a lesson in good manners."

"Cesare! I hope you have no absurd notion in your head of making a scandal."

"No; I shall merely correct one."

"Cesare! Cesare! you surely are not indulging in any wild idea of— Oh, the thing is too ridiculous to be thought of. Entirely contrary to our modern manners and customs—"

"Giuro a Dio!" exclaimed her husband, seizing her wrist, "don't preach to me, but answer, do you hear?"

The sudden explosion of animal fury in his face and voice frightened her so thoroughly that she was for the moment incapable of obeying him.

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, Cesare! Don't look so! You—you startle me. What is it you want? Oh my poor head, how it throbs! Wait an instant. Well—the foolish word means—means—I hardly know what I'm saying—it means strict, prudish, collet-monté. What that man was saying—I dare say he was not quite sober—was that the Sheardowns were too prudish and particular to like Maud to associate with *me*. There, I have told you. And I'll never forgive you, Cesare, for behaving in this way to me, never!"

Cesare dropped her wrist. "Che, che!" he said. "Is that all? Diamine, it seems to me that the impertinence was to those others, not to you. Do *we* want the visits of prudes and 'colli torti!' And you cry for *that?* Women, women, who can understand you?"

Veronica gathered her draperies together and swept out of the room with her face buried in her handkerchief. She told her maid that she had a violent headache. And her maid told Dickinson that she was sure "monsieur and madame" had been having a dreadful quarrel; which announcement Mr. Dickinson received with the profoundly philosophical remark: "Oh! Well, you know, they'd have had to begin *some* time or other."

And the prince lit a cigar, and leaned out of window to smoke it, partly penitent and partly cross. And as he smoked he could not help thinking how very much pleasanter and jollier it had been at Hammick Lodge than it was in the best sitting-room of the Crown; and how utterly impossible it was to calculate on the capricious and unreasonable temper of his wife.

NUMBER SEVEN.

Number Seven is more favored in the world than any other digit. It is true that, in a certain conventional sense, Number One is said to occupy more of each man's attention; but, this selfish aspect set aside, the palm must certainly be given in all other respects to Number Seven. The favoritism of this number is variously explained: Ingpen, in 1624, satisfied himself of the superexcellence of Number Seven in the following ingenious way: "It is compounded of one and six, two and five, three and four. Now, every one of these being excellent of themselves (as hath been demonstrated), how can this number but be far more excellent, consisting of them all, and participating, as it were, of all their excellent virtues?" Number Seven was largely used by the Hebrew Biblical writers, both in the plain ordinary sense and in a typical or figurative manner. Besides the seven days of the week, there were Jewish feasts or festivals connected with a period of seven weeks; seven times seven years constituted a jubilee or period of rejoicing; the candlestick of Moses had seven branches, etc. Then there are the many passages relating in various ways, and at different eras in the Biblical narrative, to the Seven Churches of Asia, the Seven Wise Men, the Seven Gifts of the Holy Ghost, the Seventh Day of the Seventh Month, the freeing of bondmen in the Seventh Year, the Seven Mysterious Seals, the Seven Symbolical Trumpets, the Seven Heads of the Dragon, the Seven Angels, the Seven Witnesses, etc. The Roman Catholic Church is rich in Number Seven, in doctrine and in ritual. There are the Seven Deadly Sins, the Seven Sacraments, the Seven Canonical Hours, the Seven Joys and Seven Sorrows of the Virgin Mary, and the Seven Penitential Psalms. The canonical hours here mentioned are the times fixed for divine service in the churches; they divide the ecclesiastical day into seven parts; and, besides having a mystical relation to certain sacred occurrences, they are regarded as symbolizing the seven days of creation, the seven times a day that the just man falls, the seven graces of the Holy Spirit, the seven divisions of the Lord's Prayer, and other applications of Number Seven. There is in Lambeth Palace library a manuscript about four centuries old, in which the seven hours are connected with the seven periods of man's life, as follows: Morning, infancy; midmorrow, childhood; undern, school age; mid-day, the knightly age; nones or high noon, the kingly age; mid-overnoon, elderly; evenson, declining. It is interesting to compare this with Shakspeare's Seven Ages of Man, as depicted by melancholy Jaques in "As You Like It." There is a still older MS. illuminated in an elaborate manner. It represents a wheel cut into seven rays, and composed of seven concentric cordons, which, with the rays, form seven times seven compartments; seven of these compartments contain the Seven Petitions of the Lord's Prayer; seven others, the Seven Sacraments; seven others, the Seven Spiritual Arms of Justice; seven others, the Seven Works of Mercy; seven others, the Seven Virtues; seven others, the Seven Deadly Sins; and the last seven, the Seven Gifts of the Holy Ghost—all beautifully written and painted.

Departing from these serious matters, we find Number Seven in favor in all sorts of mundane and social affairs. There were the Seven Stones of the Arabs, and the Seven Tripods of Agamemnon. There were the Seven Wonders of the World, and the Seven Hills on which more than one celebrated city is said to be built. There were the Seven Planets and the Seven Stars—the former, cruelly disturbed in number and put out of joint by modern astronomical discoveries; the latter, applicable either to the seven principal stars in Orion, or to those in the Great Bear, or to the beautiful little Pleiades. There were the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, whose sound nap lasted two hundred and twenty-nine years, and who have had companions in the Seven Mohammedan Sleepers, and the Seven Sleepers of the North. We are told that there are Seven liberal arts, seven senses, seven notes in music, and seven colors in the rainbow, neither more nor less. For some special inquiries there is a jury of seven matrons. There used to be, more frequently than at present, a period of seven years' apprenticeship; and many a malefactor has had occasion to know that seven years was a frequent duration for a sentence of transportation. Some years ago there was a Septuagenarian Club proposed, in which every member was to be seven times ten years old or upward: all young fellows between sixty-five and seventy entering it simply as cadets. Seven Oaks have, as we know, given a name to a pleasant place in Kent; and Dean Stanley describes seven oaks standing in a line, at a particular spot in Palestine, associated in the minds of the natives with a very strange legend. When Cain (the legend runs) killed his brother Abel, he was punished by being compelled to carry the dead body during the long period of five hundred years, and to bury it in this spot; he planted his staff to mark the spot, and out of this staff grew up the seven oak-trees.

Who can tell us any thing about the Seven Sisters—the name of seven elm-trees at Tottenham, which have also given their name to the road from thence to Upper Holloway? In Bedwell's "History of Tottenham," written nearly two hundred and forty years ago, he describes Page Green, by the side of the high-road at that village, and a group of seven elm-trees in a circle, with a walnut-tree in the centre. He says: "This tree hath this many yeares stod there, and it is observed yearely to live and beare leavs, and yet to stand at a stay, that is, to growe neither greater nor higher. This people do commonly tell the reason to bee, for that there was one burnt upon that place for the profession of the Gospell." There was also some connecting link between the walnut-tree and the Seven Sisters by which it was surrounded. There were seven elms planted by seven sisters, one by each. The tree planted by the most diminutive of the sisters was always irregular and low in its growth. But now comes another legend of the walnut-tree. There was an eighth sister, who planted an elm in the midst of the other seven; it withered and died when she died, and then a walnut-tree grew in its place. But now the walnut-tree is gone, one of the elms is gone, and the others are gradually withering. In Ireland there is a legend connected with a lonely castle on the coast of Kerry, telling, in like manner, of seven sisters. The lord of the castle was a grim and cruel man, who had seven beautiful daughters. Seven brothers, belonging to a band of Northmen rovers, were cast on that coast, and fell desperately in love with the seven ladies. A clandestine escape was planned; this being discovered, the heartless parent threw all the seven lovely damsels down a chasm into the raging surf below. Something more is known about the paradise of bird-cages, that emporium of birds and bird-lime, that resort of bird-catchers and bird-buyers, Seven-dials. Evelyn, writing in 1694, said: "I went to see the building beginning near St. Giles's, where seven streets make a star from a Doric pillar placed in the middle of a circular area." This erection was said to be seven feet square at the top, had seven faces or sides, and seven sun-dials on those seven faces. The seven dials faced seven streets: Great Earl, Little Earl, Great St. Andrew's, Little St. Andrew's, Great White Lion, Little White Lion, and Queen streets. The pillar and its seven dials were removed about three-quarters of a century ago. Were they not taken to Walton-on-Thames, and are they in existence now?

Those friends of our boyish years, the "Seven Champions of Christendom," have been a subject of more learned discussion than most boys—even old boys—would suppose. It would seem a daring question to ask whether Shakspeare condescended to borrow any of his beautiful language, any of his rich imagery, from this book. And yet such a question has been asked. Mr. Keightley, author of the "Fairy Mythology," started the subject a few years ago in *Notes and Queries.* It appears that Richard Johnson, the author of the "Seven Champions," was one of the contemporaries of Shakspeare, and that the book was published at about the same time as many of the plays of our great poet. Let us cite three passages pointed out by Mr. Keightley. The Champions say: "As they passed along by the riverside, which, gently running, made sweet music with the enameled stones, and seemed to give a gentle kiss to every sedge he overtook in his watery pilgrimage." Compare this with a passage in the Second Act of the "Two Gentlemen of Verona:"

> The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
> Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage:
> But, when his fair course is not hindered,
> He *makes sweet music with th' enamel'd stones,*
> Giving *a gentle kiss to every sedge*
> *He* overtaketh *in his pilgrimage.*

The italicized words in the latter show how many are the points of resemblance in the imagery and language. A second passage runs thus: "Where they found in Duke Ursini, Death's pale flag advanced in his cheeks." With this compare a passage in the Fifth Act of "Romeo and Juliet:"

> Beauty's ensign yet
> Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy *cheeks,*
> And *Death's pale flag* is not *advanced* there.

Once more: "It seemed indeed that the leaves wagged, as you may behold when Zephyrus with a gentle breath plays with them." Now turn to the Fourth Act of "Cymbeline:"

> As *Zephyrs,* blowing below the violet,
> Not *wagging* his sweet head.

We can not go into the critical questions of bibliography involved here; but may simply state that an opinion is held by commentators in favor of Johnson having had precedence of Shakspeare in these passages. At any rate, Number Seven is very much honored by such comparisons.

Not the least curious among these associations of Number Seven is that with the seventh son. Whoever has the good fortune to be the father of seven boys, especially if no girl intervene to break the continuity of the series, is to be congratulated forthwith. Let him not talk about too many olive-branches in his garden, or too many arrows in his quiver, or too many little folks around his table: his seventh boy will be a wonder. In the district around Orleans, in France, a seventh son, without a daughter intervening, is called a marcou. His body is (or is supposed by the peasantry to be) marked in some spot or other with a fleur-de-lis. If a patient suffering under king's-evil touch the fleur-de-lis, or if the marcou breathe upon him, the malady disappears. Or at least there is so great a popular faith that it *will* do so, that the country people will come from places far and wide to visit a marcou. About fifteen years ago there was one of these persons named Foulon, a cooper, at Ormes, who was greatly sought for his reputed healing powers, especially in Holy-Week, and more especially on Good-Friday, when his patients reached the number of four or five hundred. As to the origin of the name king's-evil, a manuscript in the University library at Cambridge tells us that "the kings of England and Fraunce by a peculiar guift cure the king's-evill by touching them with their hands; and so doth the seaventh sonne." It is something to say that a seventh son, in this matter, is as good as a king. Mr. Keightley has found among the Welsh folk-lore an account of a family famous in this way. "Jones was their name, and they lived at a place called Muddfi. In them was said to have originated the tradition of the seventh son, or Septimus, being born for the healing art; as for many generations seven sons were regularly born in each family, the seventh of whom became the doctor, and wonderful in his profession." Steele jested at this belief a century and a half ago, in sarcastic relation to another of the troubles with which men are occasionally visited: "Tipstaff, being a seventh son, used to cure the king's-evil, but his rascally descendants are so far from having that healing quality, that by a touch upon the shoulder they give a man such an ill habit of body that he can never come abroad afterward."

But if there happen to be a seventh son of a seventh son, the curative powers are much more marvelous. Mr. Carleton, in his story of the Black Prophet, says that the Irish peasantry entertain a very undoubting faith in the reality of these powers. In Cornwall the belief is, in like manner, entertained; the ordeal being that the gifted person should thrice gently stroke the part affected, thrice blow on it, and repeat certain words. At Bristol, some years ago, a tradesman was regularly called Dr. So-and-so, simply because he was the seventh son of a seventh son, and without any relation to his actual trade. Early in the present century a man perambulated the rural districts of Hampshire to cure the blind, the sick, and the lame. Numerous cures were ascribed to him, and he had quite a large collection of crutches and walking-sticks, said to have been left by his patients who had no longer any need for them. How much was deception, and how much due to the implicit faith placed in him by the ignorant, it might have been difficult to decide; but he was held in much awe and respect on account of his claim to be the seventh son of a seventh son. At Plymouth, not very long ago, was to be seen this inscription on a board:

A. Shepherd,
The third seventh daughter,
Doctress.

A Yorkshire lad at a school was purposely intended to study afterward for the medical profession, because, as he told his school-fellows, "The seventh of the seventh maks the bigg'st o' doctors." Another story is told of an Irish lad who, as an errand-boy, was frequently censured for being late in his arrival, and dilatory when on his errands. His excuse on one occasion took the following form: "I'm sure I wouldn't help it, Sir, I'm sure I wouldn't. I've only bin on an act o' mercy. Ye see, Sir, I'm a seventh of a seventh, an' I touches for sickness, Sir, an' I've bin to two childer this morn, Sir, a long way." It appeared that he had to touch fasting, in order that his wonderful properties should be developed, and his palm was crossed by a piece of silver varying in value from a four-penny piece to half-a-crown, according to the social condition of his patients.

ARY SCHEFFER'S "TEMPTATION."

Ary Scheffer, of whose celebrated painting of the "Temptation on the Mount" we print an engraving on page 265, was born in a little Holland town in 1794. He was an artist from early youth, having at the age of twelve years painted an historical picture of considerable promise, which attracted great attention in the exhibition at Amsterdam. Subsequently he studied art under Baron Guérin at Paris, where his life was passed. He was one of the founders of the French Romantic School, and many of his earlier works were suggested by the poems of Goethe, Uhland, and other German authors; but his greatest and most characteristic works are those devoted to religious subjects, or suggested by the poetry of Dante. Among his religious pictures the most widely known are "Christ Comforting the Weary and Heavy-Laden" (*Christus Consolator*), the "Dead Christ," the "*Mater Dolorosa,*" "The Temptation," and the "Three Marys." His picture of Dante and Virgil meeting with Francesca da Rimini and her lover in hell is one of the most pathetic creations of the imagination ever painted. This picture, and his "Dante and Beatrice," and the illustrations to "Faust," are widely known by engravings. Ary Scheffer was at one time instructor of the children of Louis Philippe. He died in Paris in the summer of 1858.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A hundred years hence somebody will offer a valuable relic of 1870 to our great-grandchildren! It is said that before the ink of the Fifteenth Amendment Proclamation was dry, General Grant received a note from a member of the press asking for the pen. It was sent immediately, and before the messenger left the ante-room he was offered fifty dollars for it.

The St. Louis *Times* reports that more than fifty of the workmen laboring in the caissons of the St. Louis bridge have been prostrated by partial paralysis, and four have died, from the effect of the compressed air. Such an unusual amount of paralysis has occasioned considerable inquiry among scientific men. Some suppose that no serious effects from the air would be experienced by any one of strictly temperate habits who followed the sanitary regulations established by the engineer.

This is the way Kansas juries lunch. A farmer in that region, who sold a keg of butter to a store-keeper, representing the same to be "a prime article," was lately sued by the latter, who declared that the farmer's statement regarding the quality of the butter was incorrect. On the occasion of the trial the jury took the butter (which was in court) with them when they went out to deliberate. Some crackers were procured, and the keg being open, they all "pitched in," and after amply satisfying the wants of the inner man, they returned to the court-room and rendered a verdict of "no cause of action."

A correspondent of the *Evening Post,* having, in passages across the Atlantic, been impressed with the inadequate means of safety on our steamers in case of accident, suggests several points of reform in this matter, which it is hoped may lead to other suggestions, and result in some practical improvement. In view of the small supply of boats frequently carried, he proposes: First, that twenty-four boats be the legal number instead of eight, these to be of different sizes, so that they can be placed one within another. Second, let every ship carry at least two life-preservers in each state-room, and where steerage passengers are carried, let a requisite number be carried in the steerage. Third, let every ship be provided with six tin tubes about three inches in diameter, about three feet long, weighted with lead at the bottom sufficient to cause them to stand upright in the heaviest sea. These should be painted bright red, so as to be easily seen; and thus, if a short account of an accident were inclosed in them and thrown overboard, we might be saved that long suspense about missing steamers which "maketh the heart sick." Fourth, a few carrier-pigeons might be useful. Fifth, a more southerly passage would lengthen the voyage from twelve to twenty-four hours; but thereby fogs on the banks and ice and icebergs would be avoided, and the dangers of the sea greatly lessened. Certainly, in view of a season which bears a record of an unusual number of ocean disasters, it is fitting that the public should awake to a sense of possible danger in every voyage, and the necessity of ample precautions in every case.

The gate-keeper of one of the Paris cemeteries detected a young lady in attempting to enter the cemetery with a small coffin under her cloak. He mentally pronounced it a case of infanticide, and the trembling culprit was marched off to the Commissary's between a brace of policemen, who, on officially opening the coffin, were nonplused on finding that it contained the dead body of a sweet little Havana dog!

Some queer cases of smuggling are detected by the collectors of customs at Castle Garden. Not long ago a steerage passenger in one of the German steamers brought as baggage three large cases which he represented to contain wearing apparel, some grape-vines, and other articles of no consequence. Upon opening one of the cases a forty-gallon cask was rolled out. At the bottom of this cask was an immense Limburger cheese; in the centre of the cask was a twenty-gallon keg of prime brandy, surrounded with prunes and other dried fruit. The other boxes were partially filled with grape-vines and peach and pear-tree scions. A woman was observed to waddle rather queerly as she came from a steamer some time ago, and she was accordingly invited into the boudoir of the female inspector. When she emerged fourteen boxes of cigars were left in the room, which the woman had concealed under her skirts. About the same time the panier of a woman was observed to be quite prominent, and upon being dissected the ornament was found to be stuffed with fifty yards of costly silk. One man was searched, and around his person were found two whole pieces of silk, while in the legs of his pantaloons were stowed several yards of valuable ribbon.

A pretty cottage for President Grant is nearly finished at Long Branch, and is already known as "The White House." It is situated on the grand drive from the Stetson House to the new race-course, which is to be called President's Avenue.

Statistics show that in Europe frequency of suicide, in any given year, increases and decreases with the length of the days. In June and July there are more than in November and December. So far as American statistics have been collected on this subject, it is doubtful whether they agree with the European. It is thought from facts gathered that in New England suicides have been more frequent in cold weather. It is stated that in every country three-fourths of all the suicides are men, and that the disposition to commit this crime increases with years. The proportion of unmarried persons who kill themselves is decidedly greater than that of the married, the proportion of widowed persons is far larger still; but that of the divorced and separated is incomparably the largest of all, being uniformly five times as great as that of the married.

An exchange remarks: "Maple-sugar, you know, is made by grinding up maple-trees, and squeezing out the juice in a cheese press!"

No less than forty distinct plans of Broadway travel have been laid before the Legislature of New York. These are all varieties of three general kinds—surface, super-surface, and sub-surface.

Some very private details concerning a "private" ball in Paris have just come to light. There were, by-the-way, 12,000 persons invited to this ball, but only 9500 responded! But the "private" details relate to the estimated cost of dresses, jewelry, gloves, flowers, etc., worn on the occasion—the total amount being 1,214,725 francs. It was estimated that the false hair worn weighed thirteen hundred pounds, and that if placed lengthwise it would reach two and a half miles! These details of the private ball must of course be considered strictly "private."

The following anecdote is related concerning Richard Wagner, or perhaps, more strictly, concerning Offenbach. Wagner had sent to Offenbach, who is of the Jewish persuasion, his work entitled, "Le Regne des Juifs dans la Musique." In reply the latter wrote: "Dear Wagner, you will do better to write music." On receiving this letter the other forwarded the score of his "Meister Singer," whereupon, after a few days, the following answer was returned: "Dear Wagner, on reflection, you will do better, I think, to continue writing books."

Nearly seven hundred citizens of New York were subpœnaed in order to find a jury of twelve men who had not formed a decided opinion in regard to the M'Farland case, and were of sufficient intelligence and fairness to serve. In these days it is becoming difficult to find men who do not read newspapers, or receive an impression on the mind respecting matters of general notoriety. And yet reading newspapers seems to be deemed a disqualification for a juror!

An "up-town" physician, who has been in the habit of writing his medical prescriptions in an unusual and blind manner, so that they could be read by no one excepting a particular druggist and his clerks, has got into difficulty. A man died the other day from the effect of an overdose of morphine taken by his order. When the narcotic began to produce alarming symptoms another physician was called, who went to the druggist who had put up the prescription, requesting a copy of it that he might know what antidotes to give. Druggist's clerk refused the copy until it was demanded by the police. Even then he refused to explain the blind terms used in it, though told that the man was dying. When at length the physician who wrote the prescription was called it was too late to save the man. Such was the consequences of writing prescriptions contrary to the usual and well-known nomenclature.

"Dickinson Hall" at Princeton, New Jersey, is now nearly inclosed, and will be ready for occupancy next college year. It will cost about $70,000, and is built mainly by the liberality of John C. Green, a retired merchant of New York. It is for college uses—for recitation and lecture rooms. The present recitation rooms are wholly inadequate and rudely finished. The new gymnasium is one of the finest in the country, and was built at a cost of $38,000, the joint gift of Mr. Bonner of New York and Mr. Marquis of Philadelphia. Arrangements are now being made to erect an elegant dormitory sufficient to accommodate about seventy students.

Elihu Burritt estimates the waste of pens, ink, paper, type-setting, and printing in the world by the use of the letter "u" in words from the Latin—such as labour, favour—where it is not needed, at £10,000 a year.

The prohibitory liquor law of Michigan does not regard alcoholic liquor as "property." Not long ago a woman in that State recovered all the money her husband had spent at a saloon for six years, on the ground that it had been paid to the liquor-dealer "without consideration." It is well for women to understand something of law.

A comic accident—which might have been a fearful one—is reported from Maine. A farmer, quietly crossing a railroad-track near Portland, was suddenly startled by the appearance of a train, which quickly made splinters of the sled. The astonished farmer, recovering somewhat, stood gazing at the remains of his vehicle, and wondering where the pieces of his horse had gone. Meanwhile the train sped on for some distance, when the engineer, looking out, saw the horse staring at him from the cow-catcher. The train was stopped, and it was found that the horse had been picked up by the cow-catcher and deposited on the platform in front of the engine, where, too much stunned or frightened to move, he lay comparatively uninjured.

Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur, whose fame as an artist is world-wide, was born at Bordeaux, March 22, 1822. She is therefore forty-eight years old. Her personal habits are eccentric. It has long been her custom, both in France and in other countries, to visit horse-fairs in masculine attire, which, combined with the decided character of her features, enables her personally to select and purchase with greater freedom than she could otherwise hope to do. An ante-chamber near to her studio she has fitted up as a stable for the use of the many animals that she has always about her. She has always avowed her intention of never marrying, but to devote her life exclusively to art. Years ago, when she had few opportunities of studying from life the animals she wished to paint, her enthusiasm led her to walk the streets of Paris for hours to observe animals that might pass. She even would visit slaughter-houses in search of work for her pencil.

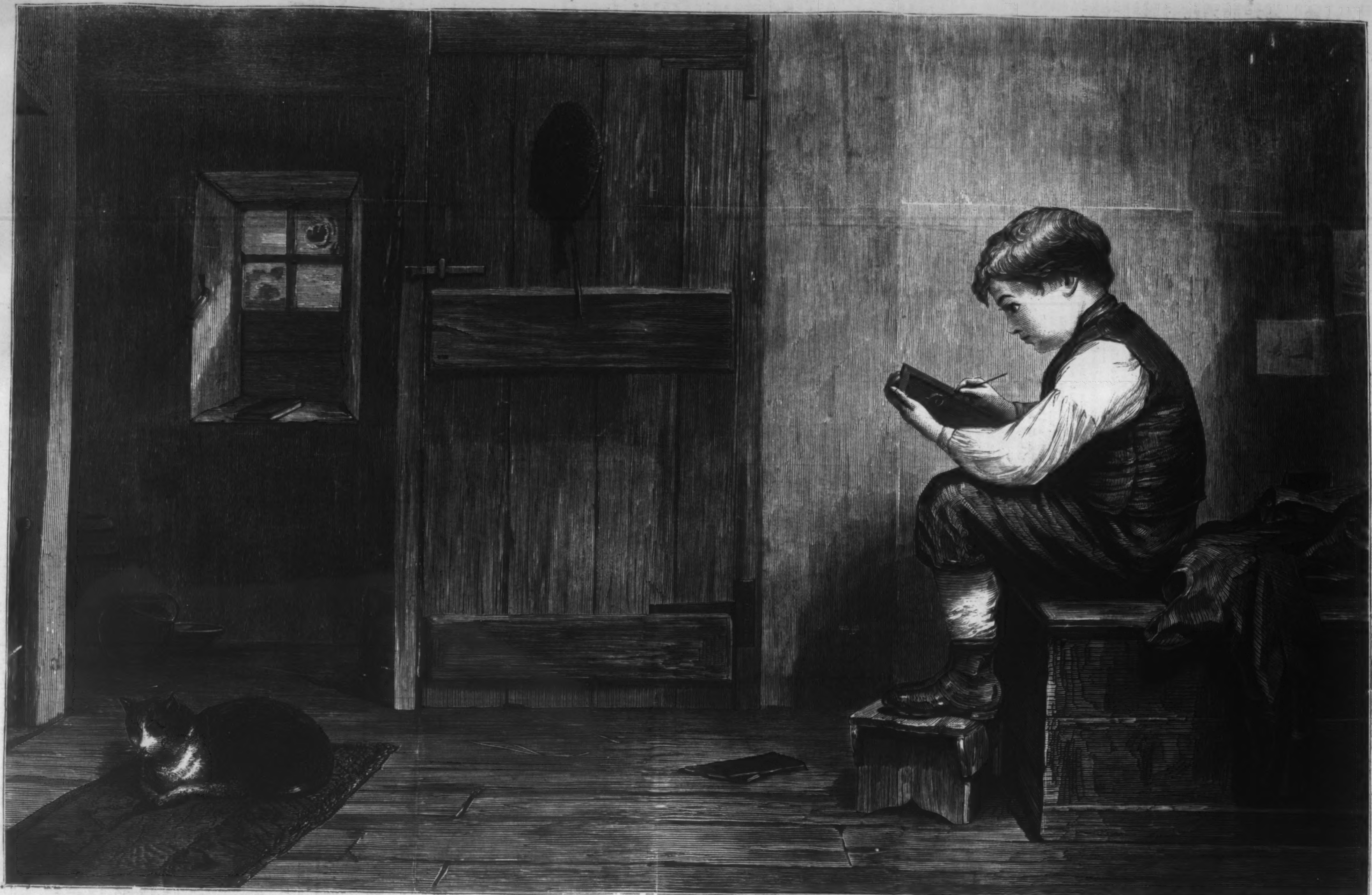
It is said to be the intention of Miss Marwedel to receive into the horticultural school at Brentwood, Long Island, lads from fourteen to eighteen years of age. These boys will share alike with the female pupils all the home-advantages of the establishment, and they will be carefully instructed in their out-of-door occupations.

M. Soliel, chief cashier of the Bank of France, and who in that capacity signed all its notes, has recently died.

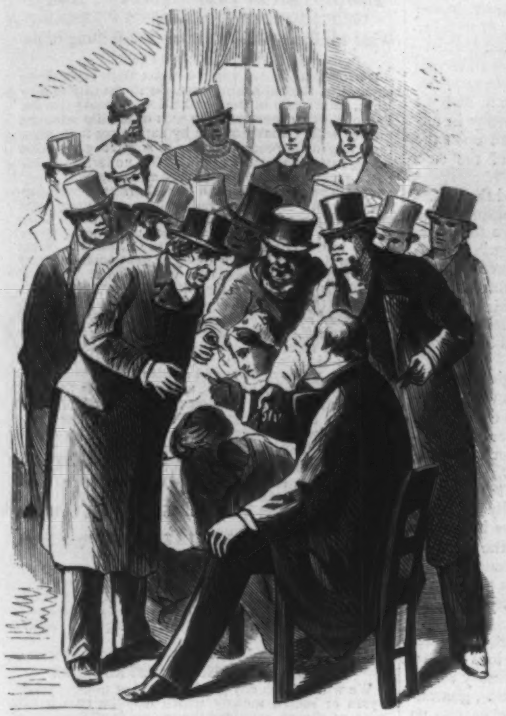
A Western medical journal seems to intimate that the new remedy, chloral hydrate, is nothing new, after all, but the very drug that Shakspeare's Friar gave Juliet:

> "Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
> And this distilled liquor drink thou off:
> When presently, through all thy veins shall run
> A cold and drowsy humor, which shall seize
> Each vital spirit.
> And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
> Thou shalt remain *full two-and-forty hours,*
> *And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.*"

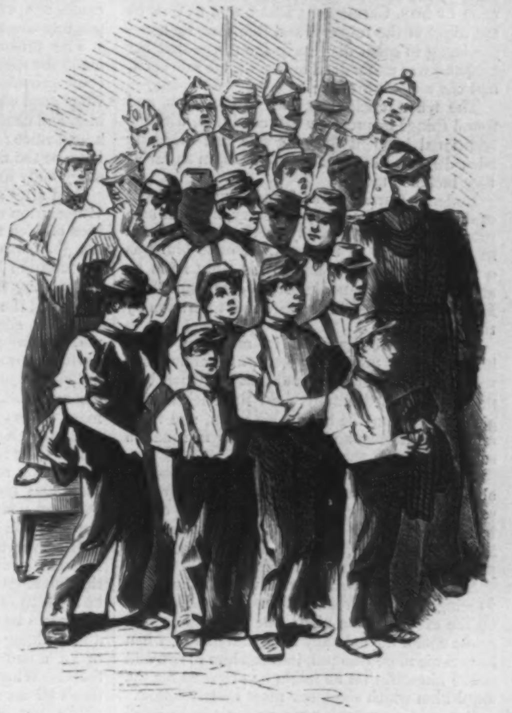
What will not yet be accomplished by electricity? A machine has been recently invented which, if it works as well on a large scale as it does as now applied, will enable steamships to ply the ocean by its propelling power. We understand that a machine of great capacity is being constructed, and will soon be on exhibition in New York. The whole thing, said to be mighty enough to carry a Cunarder to Liverpool, can be secured in a small trunk.



DRAWING FROM LIFE.—[See Page 269.]



FURNISHING VACCINE MATTER TO COUNTRY DOCTORS



SOLDIERS' CHILDREN WAITING TO BE VACCINATED.

VACCINATION AT PARIS.

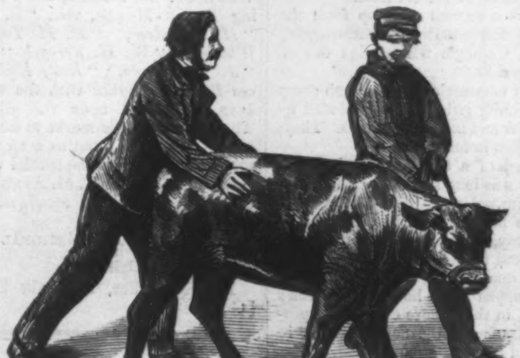
THE ravages of that terrible scourge, the small-pox, date far back in the early history of the world. During the Middle Ages it slew more than the sword; and it was not until near the close of the eighteenth century that its virulence received a partial check through the discovery and general introduction of vaccination. The honor of this discovery is usually ascribed to Dr. **JENNER**, an English physician, by whom it was publicly made known in 1796; but the French claim it for one of their own countrymen, a simple Protestant clergyman of Cévennes, who, several years before **JENNER's** discovery was announced, practiced vaccination among the peasantry of that mountain district. While **JENNER** was rewarded by a national grant of £20,000, and after death was honored with a statue in the cathedral of Gloucester, the French pastor died in poverty and obscurity, and his very name is forgotten.

But whoever may claim the honor of the discovery, vaccination has unquestionably been of immense benefit to humanity. Since its general introduction the ravages of small-pox have sensibly diminished, and in cities where it once raged as a terrible epidemic, sweeping off hundreds and thousands of victims, it is now comparatively unknown. On the continent of Europe vaccination is made compulsory by law, and is far more rigidly enforced than in England or this country. Our illustrations on this page will give our readers an idea of the way in which it is managed in France. There, says a lively French journalist, it is all the rage, especially among the ladies, a fact which he attributes to their vanity and fear of being disfigured! For though it is told of a beautiful Frenchwoman that hearing of the suicide of a gentleman whose suit had been rejected by a woman who was quite the reverse of beautiful, she exclaimed, "I am really jealous of a homely woman who can excite a passion like that!" it would not be safe to accept her word for truth in the guise of a jest. Young and old are vaccinated and revaccinated. The municipal authorities of Paris have granted a large sum for the purpose of organizing a bureau for gratuitous vaccination; and every day, from the 2d of March until every one has been attended to, thousands of arms are presented to the doctor's lance in every ward of the city. The utmost care is exercised in obtaining the vaccine matter from a heifer selected by the medical authorities, by whom it is distributed to country physicians.

Recently attempts have been made in England and this country to prove that, so far from being a benefit to the human race, vaccination has been a worse scourge than the plague it is intended to prevent, and that it has brought in its train the most terrible consequences, in the form of scrofula and other diseases; but the weight of evidence and medical authority is in favor of the means of prevention first brought to light by Dr. **JENNER** and the unknown pastor of Cévennes.

DRAWING FROM LIFE.

THIS pleasant picture, which our readers will find on page 268, engraved from a painting by Mr. T. **HENDERSON**, an English artist of considerable talent and well-founded reputation as a *genre* painter, tells its simple story in an appropriately unpretending way. The young artist appears to be pursuing his studies under very agreeable conditions. He has his cottage-studio all to himself; there are no rivals or competitors to distract him; his knees save him the embarrassment of an easel; his slate and pencil render him independent of the artists' colormen; above all, his model seems to be posed quite naturally, and to be displaying exemplary patience. Well may the embryo artist become wholly absorbed in his task under conditions such as these! And if the immediate result may not be commensurate with the effort—if the portrait of Grimalkin should not turn out to be a master-piece—still the art of even a **LANDSEER** must have had an equally humble beginning.



THE HEIFER FROM WHICH THE VACCINE MATTER IS TAKEN.

THE CARNEGIES.

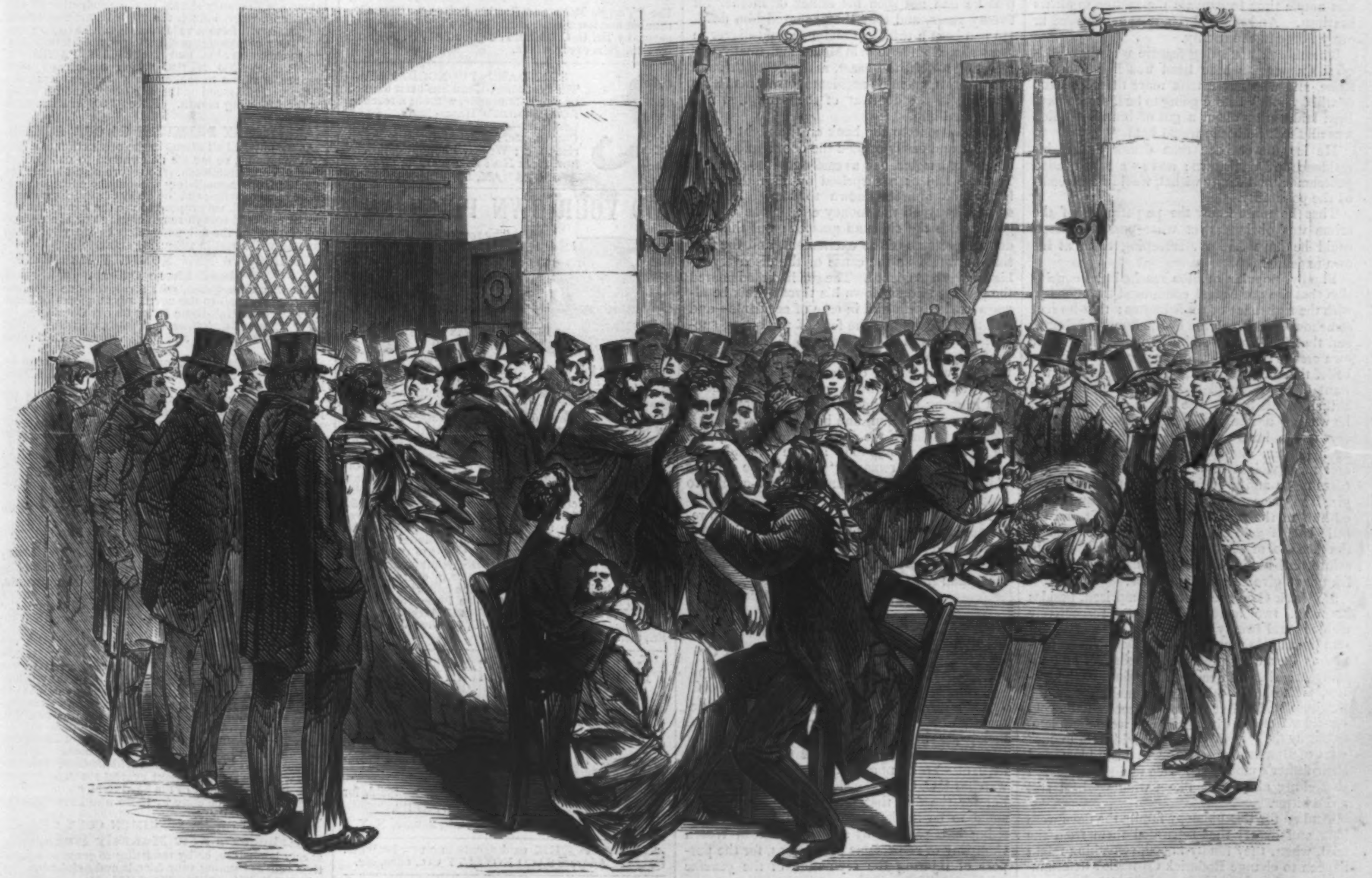
THE elder Carnegie was the porter of the Dennistown Bank; and as Dennistown was the county town, and this the only bank, it followed that Roderick Carnegie, having been porter for fifteen years, and always faithful to his duties, was considered to hold a rather responsible position, and was respected accordingly.

It was an old country bank, and the safe was an antiquated specimen of rusty iron-work; but, though all the farmers round about deposited their funds there after harvest, no one thought of questioning the safety of the bank, any more than they would have doubted the medical skill of old Doctor Hyslop, who doctored every body within a circuit of twenty miles, and whose gray pony and battered chaise were as familiarly known as the steeple of the Baptist church.

So when, one morning, the town was informed that the bank safe had been broken open and robbed of gold and silver and bank-notes to the amount of—well, the amount was not settled on for a week, and then turned out to be about twenty thousand dollars—the towns-people, and pretty soon the county farmers, thought the world must be coming to an end.

And so, when rumors began to be circulated—which they did—concerning some connection of Roderick Carnegie with the robbery, people were not so much horror-stricken as they should have been, because that they had exhausted all their capacity in that line on learning of the first catastrophe.

The story finally settled down to this statement: The paying-



GENERAL VACCINATION-DAY AT THE PARIS ACADEMY OF MEDICINE.

teller of the bank, who lived opposite, was called upon by Mrs. Carnegie at about nine o'clock on the night of the robbery, and informed by her—she being in great distress at the time—that her husband was either dead or in a fit, the safe open, and the side-door of the bank likewise open.

The teller repaired at once to the bank, and found things in precisely that condition, with the additional incident that the safe had evidently been despoiled of its entire contents, in so far as they included money.

Roderick Carnegie was found lying at the foot of the stairs, in the basement entry, near his own room—the Carnegie family occupied apartments in the basement of the bank. Beside him was a small empty bottle, and in his right hand he clutched a bag, containing some gold, and which had been deposited in the safe that afternoon by the teller.

Dr. Hyslop, being called in, made an examination of the prostrate porter, and announced that he was dead-drunk, and that the small bottle had contained brandy. So Roderick Carnegie was lifted to the bed in his room, and there remained snoring and groaning, as is usual in such cases, until the next morning.

Then he awoke from his stupor, and looked about in a dazed sort of way, and finally, observing his wife, who sat near the head of his bed, some memory of the night's work reached his muddled brains, and he buried his face in his pillow, and began to sob convulsively.

Mrs. Carnegie was a wise woman, and, refraining from any remarks on his condition or on the events of the night, she soothed, as well as she could, the unhappy man, and finally, when he became more tranquil, induced him to rise and clothe himself, that he might be prepared for the inquisition which she knew must shortly follow.

But even a woman's curiosity must be satisfied some time; and Mrs. Carnegie was only a woman, after all. So, when Roderick had dressed and shaved himself, and had swallowed his tea, and taken a bite of something—though very little, for he evidently ate with an effort and without appetite, she said to him, "And now, Roderick, tell me all about it!"

But to her utter astonishment Roderick replied, "Ask me no questions, wife, for I've nothing to tell—nothing for you nor for them up stairs—not if I swings for it!"

Here was a condition of things! Found drunk in the entry, with a bag of the bank's money in his hand, the safe broken open, and the rest of the money gone, nobody but he knew where, and he with "nothing to tell about it." She doubted her sense of hearing.

But such was the fact, and the most stubborn of facts it proved to be; for when Roderick Carnegie was questioned by the bank officials he utterly refused to make any statement whatever, simply saying, "I knows nothing about it—ye've known me here for fifteen year, an' I come to ye with a good recommend, an' if ye think I done it, why there's no help."

So, as nothing else could be wrung from him, either by coaxing or threatening, the bank officials had to yield to the natural clamor of the depositors, and Roderick Carnegie was duly arrested and imprisoned, charged with the crime.

He could not be tried for a month, as the county court would not sit until then, so there was ample time to canvass the matter in all its bearings. And *pro* and *con*, it was canvassed in every house in the county.

The most astonishing feature was that Roderick Carnegie, whose head was like a grindstone, and who never took more than his drop of whisky-toddy before going to bed, should have been laid out by about a gill of brandy—which was all the little bottle would hold.

He had never been seen drunk during his residence in Dennistown; and as a hard-headed Scotchman, and canny withal, would have scouted the possibility.

That he must know the perpetrators of the crime was obvious; yet what possible reason could he have had for screening them at his own expense?

Finally, popular opinion reached the conclusion that the porter had committed the robbery, with the assistance of confederates; that he had somehow been overcome by the liquor he drank, and that they had left him to make good their own escape; and that he remained silent, in the belief that his previous good character and the want of proof would clear him, when he could still share the booty. So it was concluded that he was an unmitigated rascal after all, and every man's hand and every man's voice was against him; and the women were the loudest and most violent of all, as is usually in such cases made and provided. All but Mrs. Carnegie; she, poor creature, stood by him, and trusted him in the face of that drunken fit and the little bag of gold clutched in his hand—and in the face too, of what was harder to bear, the absolute and unflinching determination of Roderick not to give her his confidence.

Roderick Carnegie's family comprised, besides his wife, two buxom daughters, respectively eighteen and twenty years of age, who had hitherto been made much of by the Dennistown people, as they were pretty, well-behaved, and intelligent girls, and decided accessions to the parties, picnics, and other merry-makings of the neighborhood. But now they received the cold shoulder from all directions, and were completely cut by the "unco' gude and rigidly righteous" ones of Dennistown. This was a sad blow, and their father's moody reticence and the suspicion that clung about him like a winding-sheet still more bitter.

And so for this unhappy family the days were long and dreary that separated them from the trial, when, they fondly hoped, something might happen to change Roderick Carnegie's determination, or that Providence might interfere to restore them to their former position of acknowledged probity and worth. The day of the trial came, and every body in the county who could possibly accomplish it was at the court-house.

The prisoner pleaded "not guilty," which made the spectators laugh; and his lawyer—the court provided him with one—pleaded his previous good character, which made the spectators hiss, and caused the crier to shout "Silence!" in a loud voice; and then every body laughed again, because the crier was a boozing scalawag whom every body knew, and who was public game.

And after all the talk and the jargon and the vituperation of counsel, and all the other trivialities of such trials had been duly accomplished, the jury was charged; and after a moment's consultation in whispers the foreman rose, and, announcing that they did not require to go out, presented the verdict of "*guilty.*"

It was silent enough then. The proverbial pin, if dropped, would have sounded like a paving rammer.

Perhaps just at that moment some more tender and compassionate impulse influenced that mass of beings, greedy for the punishment of Roderick Carnegie, for having, as they believed, stolen their idol—their hard-earned money.

Perhaps some weakness overcame those fathers and mothers when they saw the stricken wife and daughters as they bowed their heads, hopeless and in shame.

However this may be it was very still, until the silence was broken by a harsh, manly voice that shouted out, "You fools! he's guilty, is he? Why, I stole the money, and hocussed the old man's liquor and poured it down his throat; and he hung on to the other bag precious hard, or I'd 'a had that. Oh, you're a set of precious fools! What's the use of men being honest if that's all the confidence you have in 'em? Here, officer, put on the darbies! I'm the man wot busted your old rusty money-box; and I wouldn't 'a blown on myself, 'cause I thought his character would 'a got him off; but you see he's my father, an' I couldn't go back on the old man."

Then there was a scream went up from the little group that formed Roderick Carnegie's family, and Mrs. Carnegie was carried out of the court-room in a fit.

Then there was commotion and hubbub every where, and the young girls were surrounded by anxious and tender and *inquiring* friends. They, poor girls, were lost in amazement.

They had heard of a brother, who had disgraced them, but was long since dead; but they had never seen him.

Meanwhile the new prisoner had been handcuffed and led away, and then—and not till then—every body looked for Roderick Carnegie; and they found him doubled up on the floor, just where he had dropped when he heard his son's voice, and where, in the intense excitement produced by the entrance of the new character in the drama, he had lain forgotten.

He was lifted up tenderly now, however, and kindly cared for, as were his family.

Roderick Carnegie the younger was tried for the burglary, and as he gave up nearly all the money, and on account of his having surrendered himself, he was let off with the lightest punishment permitted by the law—two years in the State prison.

In making his statement in open court he said that he had not seen his father or mother for twenty years, and that they believed him dead. He had been a thief in London, a gold-digger in Australia, a lumberman in Maine, and, finally, was traveling toward the coast, and passing through Dennistown, when he accidentally saw his father standing in the doorway of the bank, and had recognized him.

He had gone to the bank on the night of the robbery, and easily opened the door; and, being an expert burglar, had as easily got into the safe. That he had been surprised by his father, and had made himself known to him. He had stowed away all the money except one bag of gold, which the old man grasped; but that under the pressure of the excitement, and the fear that he would be the cause of the discovery of his son, he had fainted. The son had then poured the prepared liquor down his throat—this he always carried with him in case of accidents—and had then left him at the foot of the stairs, supposing he would find his way to his room when the fumes had cleared away from his head, and that he would then disclose all. He had remained in the vicinity, however, and watched; and learning his father's danger, his conscience finally overcame him, and he attended the trial, determined that if the old man would not speak, he would; and so he did; and he concluded his statement by the remark, "And he's the gamiest old pop there ever was, and I warn't a-goin' to send him up, nohow!"

And three years later all of them—the son reformed and a respectable and hard-working man—were united once more; and to-day few families are more respected in the town of Dennistown than *the Carnegies.*

A CARD

FROM THE NATIONAL (ELGIN) WATCH CO.

OFFICE OF THE NATIONAL WATCH CO.,
CHICAGO, *March*, 1870.

AN advertisement, replete with false statements, which has recently appeared in various newspapers in the guise of a communication over the signature of "HOWARD & CO.," a concern in New York, nominally engaged in selling watches "C. O. D.," would be passed unnoticed but for the fact that they are generally understood to be in the interest of, and their advertising bills paid for by a rival American Watch Company of respectable pretensions, for the purpose of injuring the reputation of the *genuine* Elgin watches.

In the recent injunction suit, decided against those parties in favor of the National (Elgin) Watch Company, by Judge VAN BRUNT, in the *N. Y. Common Pleas, Special Term, March* 14, 1870, it appeared in evidence that said "HOWARD & CO." (nominally the agents of the Waltham watches) *never had in their possession but six* GENUINE *Elgin watches*, ALL TOLD, and yet they had expended large sums of money in advertising "Elgin Watches" to be sent upon the "C. O. D." plan. (*Vide* reports of the case published.)

In view of these pertinent facts, and the odium attached to the "C. O. D." watch business, the public may safely be left to determine the character of the traffic "HOWARD & CO." are engaged in, or whether they are the "agents" used by the envious Watch Company referred to, to degrade the standing of the genuine ELGIN WATCHES to the medium level of their own, or even of foreign-made watches offered at approximate prices.

The National Watch Co., of Elgin, Illinois, for the common protection of distant watch buyers, as well as themselves, *once more* caution the public that they do not now nor ever have furnished watches to any party whatever to be advertised and sold upon the "C. O. D." plan, which has been made the medium of so much swindling, and which would naturally be made the screen for traffic in the worthless imitations of Elgin watches known to be in the market. The prudent course for those desirous of purchasing the *genuine* Elgin watches is to apply to any respectable jeweler in your own locality or elsewhere.

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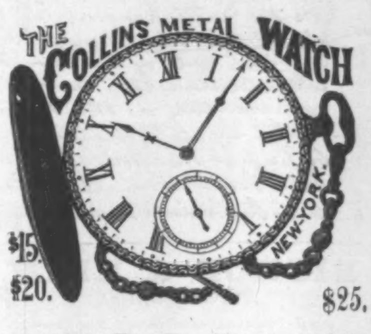

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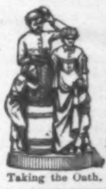
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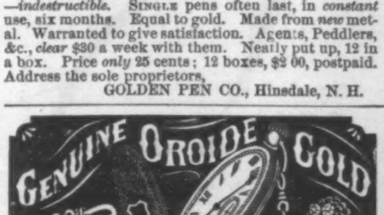

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